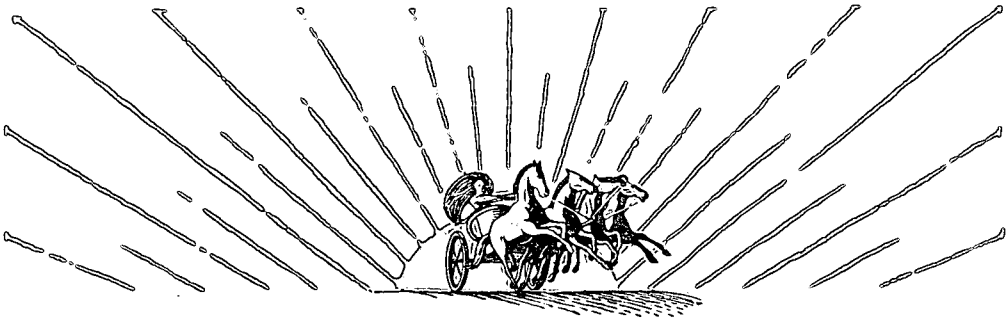

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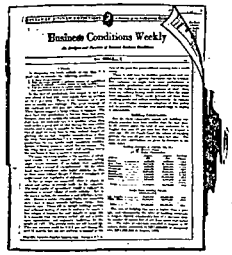

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THE GUIDE POST

J. A. HOBSON is one of the most distinguished English economists, and has devoted all his life to the expression of consistently liberal opinions. At present he is infected with the Pan-Europa bug, whose activity is greater on the Continent than on his side of the Channel. It is significant that even such a generous-minded man should hesitate to approve unqualifiedly of a scheme that might leave England out in the cold. There is, however, more likelihood that in the doubtful event of some kind of European federation England will have first cast in her lot with the nation that is giving the Continent so much to talk about.

❦ ❦ ❦

Other Englishmen, and most Pan-Europeans, feel that England's future is to be found in her own Commonwealth of Nations, in whose benefit a great bean feast is now being celebrated in London. Our Canadian contributor talks like some Middle-Westerners we have heard, while the lady from South Africa, where every prospect pleases, sounds more like a Californian. With these two elements to reckon with, our English friends might get a pretty good idea of what their Empire may hold in store by consulting Uncle Shylock.

❦ ❦ ❦

If, as the *Saturday Review's* Kabul correspondent says, 'very few Englishmen appear to appreciate fully the significance of the Bolshevist menace in the East,' it is not that paper's fault. No one is more alive than the imperially-minded Tory to the rivalry of Moscow in all parts of Asia.

❦ ❦ ❦

There is no telling when trouble will break out in Spain. Our account of recent conditions may turn out to be a scoop of the first water, or it may be something that you will read with even more interest six months hence than now. At least it gives the setting, which is more than you can find in the Spanish press.

❦ ❦ ❦

Georges Altman's account of immigrants in France should be read with some mental reservations. *L'Humanité*, in which his articles appeared, is an official Communist sheet, and would prefer to stress the unpleasant surroundings of these proletarios rather than take into consideration the place from which they came or their ultimate destiny. There used to be some talk of this kind about our own immigrants — and look at them now.

❦ ❦ ❦

Ludovic Naudeau is a seasoned political observer whose writings are considered worthy to be placed beside those of Clemenceau and Ferrero in the columns of *L'Illustration*. It would be hard to find a more valuable study of the complicated Italian problem than his.

❦ ❦ ❦

Bernhard Berenson was graduated from Harvard in 1887, and is now, as M. Gillet says, unquestionably the greatest living authority on art. He has spent most of his life abroad.

❦ ❦ ❦

Dr. Wolfgang von Weisl and Jean d'Esme are both familiar names. Dr. von Weisl sends frequent articles of this sort to the German press from various points in Asia Minor. Jean d'Esme's fourteenth installment of his African journey has just reached us. He has last been heard from in darkest Ethiopia.

❦ ❦ ❦

F. P. Farrar is the editor of, and consequently a frequent contributor to, the *West Coast Leader*, a vast miscellaneous publication prepared for the benefit of the English-speaking colonies on the Western Coast of South America. One gathers from the pictures of polo players and aquaplaners that life out there must be as enjoyable as it is picturesque.

❦ ❦ ❦

Feodor Shaliapin's reminiscences have been appearing in several recent numbers of *Dni*, the Russian-language daily of Paris. We are giving one of the more interesting installments of this singular narrative. It would lead one to suppose that musical genius, at least of the mere interpretive type, is not inherited.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 331 — *NOVEMBER 1, 1926* — NO. 4293

AROUND THE WORLD

When Winter Comes

WITH the approach of winter disaffection has set in among the ranks of the striking British miners. Frank Hodges, Secretary of the International Miners' Federation, asserts that an agreement for a seven-and-a-half-hour day, with no reduction in wages, and a five-year peace could have been consummated but for the incompetence of Mr. Cook, who 'will be the first to go once the men know how he has fooled them.' The *Morning Post* waxes jubilant over what is believed to be the beginning of the end: 'Mr. Cook, like Napoleon, has led his Grand Army toward Moscow, and now, with the cold weather coming on, finds his winter quarters untenable. And so, again like the Emperor, he proposes to lead the Grand Army home again. "I believe," he said, "in organized retreat. If we have got to retreat and to recommend compromise, we must do it in a disciplined way." The Federation, like the Grand Army, must be extricated from an impossible position; it must be led back through the ice and snow, without the loss of a platoon; and, above all, the Emperor must remain on the throne. The operation is one of some delicacy, and already, although the homeward march is hardly more than begun, the stragglers are many. Whole divisions are disappearing underground; even the Old Guard of South Wales, marching in hollow square round its leader, is beginning to lose formation, and no one knows when some such *sauve-qui-peut* as the crossing of the Beresina may not begin. Mr. Cook and his field-marshals have severe methods of maintaining discipline; but their pickets are inadequate to the situation now developing.'

Although J. L. Garvin is no Die-hard of the *Morning Post* school, he says: 'The history of British labor cannot show a fiasco so disastrous as the leadership of Mr. Cook and Mr. Herbert Smith. Against the grim background of the misery they have spread the former has been like a mountebank in a churchyard, or what our neighbors call the *fou furieux*, incapable of wise words or competent act. The latter has been the ox solidly stanced in front of the locomotive. Between them, they have brought their hapless followers to a bitter day.'

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Lloyd George Again?

A significant question lately suggested in Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* is how long Mr. Baldwin will occupy the position of Premier. 'A shrewd political observer,' who the *Morning Post* daringly hints might be the noble proprietor himself, contemplates Lloyd George as the only alternative to Mr. Baldwin, on the ground that he is the leader of the forces of discontent in the Lower House. This speculation does not commend itself to the *Morning Post*, which comments, in the light of Mr. Lloyd George's ill-judged effusions in the Hearst press during the general strike, as follows: 'Mr. Lloyd George, as we know, was notably sympathetic with the general strike; he even laughed from his club window at the bourgeoisie trudging with weary feet over hard pavements into town. He has been so ardent in the cause of the Miners' Federation, indeed, that he has been handed bouquets by Mr. Cook. Everything has its reason, especially those things which are done by Mr. Lloyd George. There are some people who lightly considered that an astonishing career came to an end with the failure of the land campaign and the disruption of the Liberal Party, and there have even been rumors that the Squire of Churt has taken to planting apple trees within the barbed-wire zareba which surrounds his ancestral home. We have always thought these comfortable guesses wide of the mark. The Land Nationalization campaign was not really intended to unite the Liberal Party, but to gain the adherence of the Socialists. If it did not succeed in its object, it was because the Socialists have an almost invincible distrust of the Liberal leader, and also because Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a firm believer in the truth of the old saying that there cannot be two kings in Brentford. But Mr. Lloyd George is not easily discouraged. When Mr. Ramsay MacDonald displayed a certain lukewarmness in the cause both of the Miners' Federation and the general strike, Mr. Lloyd George saw his opportunity with that instinct for tactics which Won the War. He apologized for the general strike; he supported the Federation. He even made a contribution to its strike fund, which, if it was a good deal less than the amount subscribed by Moscow, had at least its symbolical significance. And it served to remind the Socialists of a certain treasure-chest, filled no one knows exactly how, which might be used to support a somewhat embarrassed cause.'

Robert Dell, writing in *The Nation and the Athenæum*, is more cheerful. He scoffs at the prospect suggested by Lord Doverdale of an Asquith-Lloyd George rapprochement under the by no means impartial and presumably stupid chairmanship of Lord Grey. More to the point, says Mr. Dell, would be the formation of a parliamentary party of three groups — the Mond Tories; the ex-Coalition Liberals; and the Oxfordian Lloyd George Liberals, together with a handful of Radicals. Mr. Dell agrees with Lloyd George that some patching-up of personal squabbles is the only alternative to twenty years of Tory rule.

Two Straws

Mr. Frank Hodges's statement about the possibility of a seven-and-a-half-hour day has been confirmed in a poll of two thousand miners who voted to return to work on those hours at the old rates, piece workers only accepting a six-and-a-half-per-cent reduction. The move, needless to say, was made without the sanction of the Miners' Federation. Meanwhile the drift back to work continues. In the

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Midlands, as these lines are written, fifty per cent of the men are back, and there is every indication of a gradual settlement from which the men will not realize Mr. Cook's slogan of 'Not a penny off the pay, not an hour on the day.'

Another sign of the times is to be found in the returns of a recent by-election in North Cumberland, where the Conservative candidate was returned, but only by a plurality. He received 8867 votes, the Liberal candidate 6871 votes, and the Labor candidate 2793. Compared with the general election the Conservative vote has dropped over 1700, the Liberal has gained fifty, and Labor 668. Had there been no Labor candidate, the Liberal would clearly have been returned — a fact that indicates how small a chance Labor has in a rural community, and how the drift away from Baldwin seems to be setting in.

'Roll, Jordan, Roll'

To find a suitable place for American ex-presidents has always been a difficult and sometimes an embarrassing task. England faces less of a problem in providing an occupation for Lord Reading, former Viceroy of India. He has solved the matter for himself by joining the board of the Palestine Electrical Corporation, Limited, but is not yet sure whether he will act as chairman. He is also a director of the National Provincial Bank of London and of the Lancashire Insurance Company. Other directors in the Palestine project include Sir Alfred Mond, Sir Hugo Hirst, and Mr. James A. de Rothschild. The scheme is to harness the six-hundred-foot waterfall of the River Jordan and electrify all Palestine. Nearly a million pounds of capital have already been subscribed, and now that the new directors, many of whose remote forbears were not foreigners to that part of the world, have been installed, the works are expected to be fully developed next spring.

That Bierabend

Stresemann's convivial evening with the German colony at Geneva produced nothing but unfortunate results. In asserting that Germany's admission to the League had cleared her of war guilt, the speaker was yielding to an invincibly strong temptation; it would be almost more than one could expect for a German not to air his views on this subject, so keenly are they felt. But as a piece of diplomacy the incident was unfortunate in the extreme. *Le Quotidien* puts the matter frankly enough: 'The honorable Minister of Foreign Affairs, drunk, gave rein to intemperate language for the benefit of his fellow countrymen.' The 'benefit' was clearly a doubtful one. Even the *Journal des Débats*, perhaps the most fair-minded paper in Paris, speaks of the incident as *scabreux*, implying that the affair was ticklish as well as disgusting.

That Breakfast

Although the only thing that Briand divulged about his meal with Stresemann at Thoiry was that they both agreed that the snow on the mountain-tops was no whiter than the bottom of their hearts, close students of European politics seem to feel that their talk occasionally assumed more specific tones. The *Manchester Guardian* mentions the 'ominous belittling' of the incident in the Paris press — a confirmation of the theory that England does not view Franco-German reconciliation with a too friendly eye. The fact is that this subject was thrashed out in the papers of the French capital even more vigorously than in Berlin.

Not, however, that France is unanimous about the desirability of coöperation with her recent enemy. The Bloc National is unsympathetic, and Poincaré has been dodging the issue by employing Woodrow Wilson's distinc-

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tions between the German people and the German Government. According to the German press, 'the mystery of Thoiry' included the following provisions: (1) speedy and total evacuation of the Rhineland; (2) early restoration of the Saar territory to Germany; (3) the withdrawal of Allied military control in return for (*a*) immediate monetary help to France through mobilization of the railway debentures and a recasting of the Dawes scheme, (*b*) the repurchase of the Saar mines, and (*c*) the satisfaction of the remaining exigencies of France in the matter of disarmament, and Germany's consent to a rather stricter League control than she was obliged to admit.

This is not, says *Le Quotidien*, final, but the scheme recommends itself on the whole. Pierre Bertrand shrewdly argues that, since France must evacuate the Rhineland in nine years anyway, it is the part of wisdom to withdraw now, when something can be received in exchange. *Journal des Débats* does not feel that the financial advantages offered by Germany balance the concessions demanded of France. This paper asserts that the whole affair was instigated by Stresemann; and *Le Temps* goes further, suggesting Hindenburg as the originator. Both these conjectures are to be discounted, since the breakfast itself was entirely the idea of M. Briand.

This hardy perennial seldom fails to throw French conservative opinion into a panic. Henri de Kerillis, writing in *L'Écho de Paris*, says that the six points of agreement did not originate in Germany, but in the Quai d'Orsay. He claims that if France adopts them she will be abandoning several specific advantages for purely hazy promises of financial assistance. 'Without,' exclaims M. Kerillis, 'minimizing the importance of the decision, France should think at least twice before turning her back on the policy of keeping her foothold on the Rhine, which was agreed on by the military command in 1919 as the surest means of national preservation. The speeches at Geneva, which put German heroism and French heroism, German military glory and French military glory, on a par, have disconcerted the best of friends. In his eagerness to talk European M. Briand should not forget that now it is more necessary than ever to talk French to Germans.'

From Germany's Side

While France is divided and anxious, Germany is united and serene. Only from the Communist ranks do loud shouts of disapproval arise, and these refer to all activities of bourgeois statesmanship as being what Americans would call 'the bunk.' The belief is firmly held throughout Germany that American financial assistance to further this pact is not only necessary, but will certainly be forthcoming when final arrangements are made months hence.

Rumors of many descriptions, most of them unfounded, continue to circulate. The London *Observer's* Berlin correspondent spikes a report from Russia that Briand allowed Germany a clear path toward union with Austria in return for a general political entente with Poland. It is also untrue that Briand demanded further German concessions in Poland, although it is known that relations between the two neighbors are not all that could be desired.

Eastern Europe

Poland's recent change of ministry apparently signifies no weakening in Pilsudski's control, although it means a new general election this winter. Domestic issues are apparently taking precedence of foreign policy in that country. Some predict that Germany's admission to the League will relax the tension between Berlin and Warsaw. Moderate German Conservatives favored Poland's receiving a seat

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on the Council, because they preferred that the Poles should present their own case before that body, rather than do so through a French mouthpiece. In Czechoslovakia the political pot is boiling at a lively rate. Enemies of the present Administration are attacking it through Mr. Beneš, the perennial Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose successes abroad have not been accompanied by equally popular policies at home. The Agrarians and Clericals dislike him on account of the John Huss controversy with the Papal Nuncio, and Agrarians, National Democrats, and Industrialists oppose him because his policy of international conciliation implies commercial concessions to other countries which they, as high tariff advocates, condemn. They are reënforced by the Fascisti, who have rallied a clique of Czech Legionaries and old soldiers to their standard and are furious because their idol, General Gajda, has been dismissed from his post. Behind these active participants in the quarrel loom President Masaryk, the champion of moderation and international good-will, and Dr. Kramarz, his chauvinist, 'big business' opponent.

Rumania to the Fore

While we speculate on the significance of Queen Marie's visit to this country, Rumania continues to assert herself in Europe. During the League session at Geneva, Averescu called on Stresemann and expressed the hope that the good relations of pre-war days might be renewed. There are rumors of a Rumanian loan being floated in Berlin presently, which would not be the first one of its kind, for, though Rumania has big demands for war damages from Germany, she owes that country a heavy debt contracted before the war.

The text of the Italo-Rumanian treaty has been made public since our last issue went to press, and after a friendly preamble gets down to six not very definite points, which hold for five years, but which may be denounced or renewed within four. The Rome correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* sums it up as follows: 'Both parties bind themselves to give their mutual support and their cordial collaboration for the maintenance of international peace. They further bind themselves to respect and give execution to the obligations contained in the treaties signed by both States. In the event of international complications, says the second article, in which both contracting parties agree that their common interests are or may be threatened, they bind themselves to reach an agreement on the measures to be taken to safeguard their interests. If the safety of the territory or the interests of either party are threatened by "violent incursions coming from outside" the other party will give its political and diplomatic support in order to remove the foreign danger. Finally, both parties agree to settle by arbitration any dispute which cannot be resolved through the ordinary diplomatic channels.'

The Bucharest correspondent of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* deduces from the newspapers in that city that Rumania may try to use Italy as a go-between with Russia in the hope of improving conditions along the lively banks of the Dniester. It is unlikely, however, that Italy will do anything that might affect her present monopoly of the Black Sea trade. It was in view of this fact that she refused to recognize Rumania's title to Bessarabia. 'It is impossible to hope,' says the *Daily Telegraph*, 'that the mishap that has befallen Rumania may serve as a lesson to other Eastern Powers whose pushful foreign ministers are never satisfied unless they are

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always signing treaties, for the most part of dubious value.'

Elsewhere in the Balkans

The bearing of this treaty on Italian relations with Yugoslavia may be important. Having attempted a conciliatory policy toward his Slavonic neighbor, Mussolini has now, it is believed, decided on more aggressive measures. He does not feel that the Treaty of Rome made in 1924 has brought Italy all that he expected, and he is annoyed by Yugoslavia's enthusiasm over Albania as a buffer State. He would prefer to divide this little nation into two spheres of influence, which would simply give Italy a firmer foothold in the Balkans. In the hope of isolating Yugoslavia, Italy is trying to improve her relations with Rumania and Bulgaria. The latter country has just secured a loan through the good offices of the League, and especially of Italy. With all these irons in the fire, and with the continuation of her very friendly attitude toward Hungary, Italy hopes to have a preponderant body of Balkan States on her side in case of trouble along the Adriatic.

A curious book entitled *Italia Barbara* has recently appeared in Italy. Its author is Signor Curzio M. Suckert, who has the reputation of being one of the most effective and authoritative of the Fascist writers. The thesis he develops with all seriousness is that Italy has so far escaped the influence of Western civilization, particularly that of the Anglo-Saxons, and has remained what he calls 'barbarous.' He thinks that his country has nothing to gain from trying to assimilate Anglo-Saxon modernity, or indeed from trying to be civilized at all, since that is an enervated and debilitated condition. He rejoices because the Italians are 'providentially ignorant, superstitious, and instinctive,' and 'by nature incapable of becoming modern.' In other words, cave-man ethics and cave-man politics are to be the guiding light of the Fascist Empire on the Mediterranean.

All the world sympathizes with Italy's effort to stabilize her currency. When a country engages in this laudable effort, however, it is the accepted practice for its neighbors to decry its endeavors. Italy is no exception to this rule. Naturally the Socialists of other countries, who are not to be despised as economic critics, are down on anything Mussolini does. Therefore we expect *Vorwärts* to paint his measures as black as possible. Its editor points out that Italy's foreign trade shows an annual deficit of between ten and twelve billion lire, and that her national savings are only one third those of France, while she has three to four times as much corporate capital — assumed to be mostly water — as her wealthier neighbor. Bankruptcies are very numerous, and the only thing that has saved the country so far has been Wall Street's inexplicable friendliness for the Fascist Government. Mr. Wickham Steed, or one of his editorial writers in the British *Review of Reviews*, is equally pessimistic. He estimates that foreign propaganda alone costs the Italian Treasury about five million dollars a year, and says the amount spent in bolstering up the exchange has been nearly two hundred million dollars during the last eighteen months. The American advances were 'private loans intended to help Italian manufacturers to buy raw materials abroad, especially in America, with dollars instead of paying for them in the depreciated Italian currency. But, last February, a Royal Decree authorized the Italian Treasury to buy up all these private loans with Italian currency and to place the dollars at the disposal of the Treasury; and a further decree, issued last June, authorized the Government to use three

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quarters of the Treasury cash reserve for the purpose of "economic restoration and of national defense." In this way the object of the American lenders to Italian industrialists was defeated, and the cash reserve of the Italian Treasury was raided in order to pay for clandestine military expenditure and to foster "economic restoration," whatever that may mean. On August 31 drastic reforms of the monetary system were announced in Rome. The Morgan loan of (nominally) ninety million dollars was transferred from the Italian Treasury to the State Bank, in part cancellation of the Treasury debt to the State Bank and to increase the Bank's gold reserve. It was stated that concealed inflation for commercial purposes would be discontinued, and that the State Bank would henceforth exercise some control over private banks. As a result of these measures the exchange value of the Italian lira rose suddenly from 148 to 134 to the pound sterling — a movement which may prove to have been more spectacular and speculative than real. It will hardly help Italian manufacturers to sell their goods abroad, nor is it likely to check the remarkable series of bankruptcies which have occurred in Italy. In 1923 there were, on the average, 474 bankruptcies every month. In 1924 the monthly average rose to 607. It fell slightly to 602 in 1925, but rose again to 630 during the last month for which figures are available. Naturally, the private banks of Italy are disturbed, all the more because the public has ceased to buy industrial securities, of which some seventy million pounds' worth remain unplaced.'

At the present moment Greece is the liveliest spot in the lively Balkans. Crawfurd Price, who knows that part of the world as well as any English journalist, describes in the *Sunday Times* Pangalos's sudden and complete fall. The 'Puppet Dictator' depended solely on the few thousand grossly overestimated bayonets of the Republican Guard. Kondylis, with the battle cry 'Down with stratocracy,' temporarily got the Army out of politics, but was soon compelled to follow it himself. Mr. Price believes that the only hope for Greece is the restoration of a democratic form of government. The *Westminster Gazette's* correspondent, on the other hand, thinks that the return of King George, oldest son of Constantine, is the best and most probable solution.

Troublesome Greece

An evil which nearly equals that of the vagrant children is now agitating the Soviet press and finding an echo abroad. It is the vandalism which has grown steadily during recent years and has now assumed such alarming dimensions and such savage aspects that the Government can no longer relegate it to the category of everyday minor disturbances by which young people let off extra steam. The protection and favoritism afforded to the Communist organizations such as the Communist League of Youth have made the situation worse, because for years the guilty members of these societies have been excused by judges and immune from the public wrath. A recent occurrence in which forty factory workers and tramps, among them a number of Communist Youths, the so-called *komsomoltsi*, perpetrated an altogether unmentionable deed only a few blocks away from the centre of Petrograd excited the factory population of that city to the highest pitch of indignation ever shown under the dictatorship. Meetings were held in every factory yard, and the offices of the Government newspapers were inundated with protests from individual workers and groups. The factory

New Russian Difficulties

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workers of Petrograd declare themselves disgraced as a class, and demand nothing short of capital punishment for the culprits. Even before this occurrence, articles and books by Bolshevist writers spoke of the peril. The 'Affair of the Forty' has become a very loud scandal indeed, and no doubt measures for discouraging peace-time bandits will be taken.

Britain and the Orient

Great Britain plays an increasingly important part in the situation in China, and the Japanese press is full of speculation about England's aims in this part of the world. Tokyo *Hochi* asserts that Japan has in the past been England's cat's-paw and has had to bear the brunt of China's antipathy. This same paper says that Great Britain is trying to arrange for allied intervention in China's domestic affairs. Osaka *Mainichi* is more sympathetic: 'Overwhelmed by the contention of Americans and of British people in the Dominions that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was an iron fetter upon China, Great Britain abrogated the treaty of alliance, but the British policy has not affected Japan's position and prestige in China in the least. Great Britain only lost her partner. Subsequent to the abrogation, Great Britain coöperated with the United States and young Chinese in sympathy with the United States in pressing Japan to yield what she obtained during the World War, and coerced her into invalidating the military convention, but this success of Great Britain was counteracted by the appearance of a formidable antagonist in Soviet Russia and the followers of Dr. Sun Yat-sen in liaison with that nation. The leading position which Great Britain has built up in China during the past eighty years was usurped by the United States. We cannot refrain from a feeling of sympathy with Great Britain for her present position in China. Toward the close of the eighteenth century Ward and Gordon were the pioneers of the British sphere of influence along the Yangtze, and it was largely exploited by the Archibald Littles, but woe it is that the British influence has begun to retreat therefrom. Whether Great Britain assumes a strong attitude or whether she be enduring, she will not find herself in circumstances to recover her supremacy in China.' How much unfair advantage Britain has taken of the Chinese it is hard to determine. The protest against the incident on the Yangtze River raised in the League of Nations was soon shown to be ill-founded, but one thinks twice on reading such news dispatches as the following: 'H.M.S. Scarab was fired on with rifles at a point on the Yangtze twenty-five miles below Shasi to-day. She replied with machine guns and three-inch shells. There were no casualties on board.'

As might be expected, Moscow *Izvestia* scents a plot, the leading characters in which are Japan and England: 'In contradiction of the reiterated official declarations of representatives of the Japanese Government that Japan is in no way implicated in the actions of Chang Tso-lin, the Soviet Government is in possession of absolutely reliable evidence that Japanese agents in Manchuria are exceedingly active in encouraging the Mukden Marshal to commit acts which are flagrant violations of the Treaty with U.S.S.R.' As to England, this paper accuses Sir Austen Chamberlain of attempting to suppress the national revolutionary movement and to eliminate Soviet influence. His policy, they say, is to endeavor to cut the ties that connect China and Russia.

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THE ECONOMIC UNION OF EUROPE [1]

BY J. A. HOBSON

It is not necessary to be a devotee of the doctrine of 'the economic determination of history' in order to recognize the prominent place that must be given to coöperation in industry, commerce, and finance in the work of the League of Nations and in the general movement toward a constructive internationalism. Peace and prosperity go hand in hand, so that it is unnecessary to ask whether this movement is primarily designed to secure the world against another war, or to strengthen and improve the public and private arrangements which make for the common wealth of nations. It is evident that for the successful performance of either task a campaign of intellectual and moral enlightenment is needed. For the Great War and the Bad Peace have so inflamed the passion of exclusive nationalism as to strengthen many of the false beliefs and injurious practices which aim at reducing to the smallest possible dimensions the economic interdependence of nations. A false identification of political and economic frontiers has fed the belief in a fundamental divergence of economic interests among nations, expressed in the protection of the home market for their nationals, the acquisition of preferential claims upon raw materials in foreign lands, the struggles for markets and for lucrative investments. This conviction rests partly upon an unsound view of the nature of trade, partly upon a shortsighted regard to national interests. Business men and their politicians generally hold that, as good markets alike for buying and for selling are restricted in quantity, it is the duty of their government to help them to get as much of them as possible, and to put as many obstacles as possible in the way of foreign competitors and their governments.

The futility and dangers of this policy are, however, becoming increasingly apparent to the more enlightened minds among the European peoples, and an organized demand for a closer amicable coöperation is seeking expression in practical proposals for economic union. The vision of American prosperity, contrasted with the impoverishment of Europe, has aroused mingled sentiments of envy and of a piration. Are there any immovable obstacles to prevent Europe from developing a productivity as great as that of America? The evident conditions of the economic prosperity of America are the following: the size, variety, and richness of her natural resources, for the supply of foods, raw materials, and power; the physical and mental vigor, enterprise, industry, and mobility of the great majority of her population; community of language, political and social institutions, and freedom from tariff and other trade obstacles among the inhabitants of the several states; a distribution of income favorable to the maintenance of a high and similar standard of consumption, with the reasonable expecta-

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tion of further rises for the great majority of the hundred and twenty millions of her inhabitants.

Now it is evident that no single country in Europe possesses all these advantageous conditions in a degree comparable with America. But what of Europe as a whole? If Europe could coöperate as closely and as actively as the United States, is there any reason to suppose that any of the other conditions essential to an equal advance in economic prosperity do not exist, or could not be secured by intelligent cooperation? Even if we were to exclude Russia from any full immediate project of coöperation, the rest of Europe would furnish an area considerably larger than the United States, with a population more than twice its size, and a variety and capacity of food production, mines, forests, and other essential raw materials, at least equal, and probably greater. It is true that America has advanced further than most European countries in the actual development of certain natural resources, such as coal, iron, and oil, and in many uses of machinery and power. But there is no ground for supposing that in necessary foods, materials, and power Europe as a whole stands on a lower potential level. Indeed, if Russia and the European colonies were included in the contemplated area of coöperation, the size and variety of resources would be immensely superior, while the population both for production and consumption would be immensely larger.

It will be said that the physical and mental capacity of the average European is definitely lower than that of the white American, that in alertness, intelligence, adaptability, strength, enterprise, self-confidence, optimism, and willingness to coöperate the average American is superior. The last point deserves particular attention. For it is closely connected with that quality of sociability and sense of equality which most distinguishes American democracy. There exists far more mobility in America than elsewhere — not merely facility for moving from place to place (light-rootedness), but mobility from trade to trade, and for rising from a lower to a higher economic and social status. These are familiar facts, but they have an important bearing on our problem. For this mobility is of the very essence of coöperation. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that the economic recovery and advance of Europe depends upon improved mobility. If workers and capital are free and quick to move from country to country, from trade to trade, within each country and within Europe, and from lower to higher grades of income and society, there is no ground for supposing that any inherent or inborn defects of physique or character would keep the personal efficiency of Europeans lower than that of Americans. For with this improved mobility will come many of the other intellectual and moral advantages, the initiative, enterprise, hope, self-respect, which enter into America's high productivity.

One serious difficulty must be reckoned with — the diversity of languages among European peoples. Though America has been fed with immigrants from all parts of Europe, some of whom retain for a couple of generations their language of origin within the home, the quick and easy acquisition of the common English language undoubtedly constitutes an important factor in mobility and the rapid adoption of American standards of living. But though linguistic barriers must impede mobility in Europe, we need not exaggerate the impediment. In every country the classes engaged in commerce easily surmount the barrier, and though workers move more reluctantly into areas of foreign-speaking population, this re-

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luctance diminishes after the first ground is broken and newcomers find fellow countrymen already established in the foreign land.

As regards the communication of economic inventions and improvements of technique and organization and all the other fine arts of industry, rapid progress has already been made, and were the principle of economic union once firmly grasped, difference of language and race would not count heavily as obstacles. So far as the educated classes in most European countries are concerned, their scientific knowledge and training, their technical and business capacity, are on at least as high a level as in America. Indeed, in certain countries, notably in Germany, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries, and probably in France and Britain, the highest grades of intellectual training in the applied sciences are superior. It is the vigor and alertness of the average man that give America most of her present advantage in the industrial world. If the barriers to mobility of men, goods, and ideas could be broken down in Europe, leaving human resources to mobilize and apply themselves with freedom and efficiency to the development of known or discoverable natural resources, the material wealth of Europe would advance rapidly toward the standard of America.

It may be said that, as compared with America, the larger part of Europe is overpopulated, and that increase of material productivity would be checked by the rigors of the law of diminishing returns. But though some European countries, England, Holland, and Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Austria, may be exceeding the optimum size of population under present restrictions of commerce and of productivity, there is no sufficient ground for holding that Europe, as a whole, is overpeopled for the best economic life. One of the most obvious results of our economic union would be a more rapid extension of birth restriction, partly by closer intercourse between the free-breeding and the restricting nations, partly by the migration from the former to the latter countries — such a flow as is taking place now from Italy and Poland into France. Moreover, there would remain two further checks upon the pressure of the law of diminishing returns — namely, the specialization of larger sections of the European peoples upon manufactured exports to be exchanged for non-European foods and raw materials in foreign commerce, and emigration to countries outside Europe.

For in speaking of an economic union of Europe, we do not contemplate an entirely self-sufficing community, cut off from trade and other intercourse with the wider world. The conviction, widespread in some circles, that Europe is too densely populated, finds its chief support in the larger amount of unemployment since the war. There is a tendency to regard this pool of unemployed as a surplus, or excess, of population not wanted for the normal working of the economic system. But there is no warrant for such a judgment. There is ample explanation of this large unemployment in the dislocation of finance, commerce, and industry, due to the war, the peace treaties, and the political and social disturbances accompanying this great upheaval. No doubt Europe does exhibit patches of overpopulation, but one of the most beneficial consequences of an economic union would be the removal of populations from places where they were not wanted to places where they were wanted. This process need not be envisaged as an arbitrary State-directed movement; it would be a gradual voluntary move along a line of best advantage.

Such is a rough sketch of the condi-

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tions of maximation of productivity within a European economic union. The difficulties of effecting such a union are obvious, and may be insuperable. Whether they are insuperable will depend chiefly upon whether sufficient understanding of the gains from such a union will evoke among the peoples the requisite will to achieve it. The greatest and most evident obstacles are summed up in the term Nationalism, with all the prides, fears, suspicions, jealousies, ambitions, greeds, animosities, it harbors, and the false theories and policies evoked to support these passions. One need not dispute the moral and political utility of a community feeling among members of a nationality living in close physical and social contacts. This communion will always be represented in closer economic coöperation than can exist with members of other nations. But this use of Nationalism is unfortunately overgrown with so many and so grave abuses as to render it the greatest danger to the progress of humanity.

I have before me a Report of the Austrian National Committee to the Committee on Trade Barriers, making proposals to facilitate international commerce in Europe. In its sketch of the several steps toward economic union, which might be taken by collective treaties, it indicates the large number and variety of major and minor barriers and inequalities that must be surmounted. Before any real advance can be made toward the free mobility of trade and populations, which our general survey contemplated, a number of petty vexatious differentiations, all inspired by foolish and false calculations of national interest, must be removed. Questions must be settled relating to the legal status of foreigners and foreign companies; double taxation of goods or incomes; equal treatment of foreign and homemade goods in regard to excise and internal duties and taxes; common regulations for passports and visés; regulations concerning freedom of navigation and legal equality of foreign ships, and equal access to internal transport facilities for foreign merchants.

It ought not to be difficult to obtain the consent of all the nations to the adjustment of these claims and the removal of these barriers, since most of them have a post-war origin. A collective treaty for their settlement would be in substance a restoration to the pre-war status. The next step proposed is a treaty 'the signatories of which would consent to fix a maximum limit of duties for their mutual exchange of goods, and in connection therewith reciprocally grant most-favoured-nations treatment.' The real advance in such a treaty as compared with the numerous pre-war and post-war trade treaties would arise from its collective and its lasting nature. If security for the efficient working of industry and commerce is to be attained, one of the principal conditions is security of foreign markets. Easy admission into a foreign market is of little avail, if the terms of such admission are liable to be canceled at short notice. Long-term collective treaties would put a solid basis under export industries and foreign commerce which has hitherto been lacking, and would be a useful step toward that specialization of national economic opportunities which is the beginning of a genuine economic union of nations. But, of course, the retention even of relatively low customs duties, even on terms of fixity for long periods, would not go halfway toward the true international economy. The chief argument for such an early practical proposal is that some European countries, partly from psychological reasons, partly from considerations of State revenue, partly because long

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practice of protectionism has established large trade-structures which would not stand before a policy of free exports, would not consent to any rapid establishment of European free trade.

The experience of Germany during the formation of its economic union last century well illustrates the difficulties to be surmounted before full unity can be attained. Moreover, if, as seems essential to such a union, a common customs tariff must be operated at all the frontiers, a special difficulty arises in the case of countries, like Britain and Holland, which by conviction and practice have opened their markets to the whole world on virtually 'free terms.' It is, indeed, possible that the British Government and people, recognizing that the free import policy which they had practised — with a few inconsiderable recent modifications — for three quarters of a century was unlikely to be adopted by any other great industrial nation, might prefer membership of a free-trade Europe to its present position as an isolated free trader in a protectionist world. But the sentiments and committals of our political parties render such a choice unlikely. The declining, though still numerically strong, Liberal Party could not be induced to set up a tariff against non-European countries, and the advancing power of Labor would, though with less unanimity, adhere to the same policy. The Conservatives could only enter the European Union if it included our colonial empire and our dominions.

Now this is a difficult, though perhaps not a fatal, obstacle. Its difficulty is partly sentimental, partly practical. Closer economic relations within the British Empire are a subject of keen interest to our Chambers of Commerce and other business circles and to many politicians irrespective of party adhesions, and various practical steps have been taken to promote empire trade, emigration, and other common interests. How far the European advocates of economic union contemplate the inclusion of colonies in their scheme, I do not know. I think it likely they must have this intention. For the close economic relations of France with her colonial empire must involve such inclusion, not to speak of the colonies of Holland, Italy, Portugal. There would, indeed, be obvious and large advantages in a free-trade area so extensive as to include large tropical and semi-tropical sources of supply, and the growing markets for European manufactured goods which such colonies might provide. But the magnitude and territorial distribution of the British Empire open up special problems to the advocates of a European Union. The first is this. A European economic union must involve, as a direct or indirect implication, a political community of interests and activities which would soon take shape in some definite forms of federal government. Even if it did not go so far, an economically unified Europe would act in the world more and more as a single political unit. This economic and political union would suggest and almost impel the growth of other unions in America and Asia. Many supporters of the League of Nations already favor the formation of some such continental groupings for the political handling of their several problems. But where would be the place of India, of Canada, of our Australasian Dominions, in such an arrangement? Immense difficulties would confront these virtually self-determining nations called upon to decide between two conflicting allegiances and economic interests.

Having regard to these difficulties, Pan-Europeans would probably incline toward leaving out Britain and contenting themselves with a purely Con-

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tinental union, which, if they can hope to include Russia at no distant time, might suffice for most economic purposes. But should they so decide, certain definite sacrifices of economic cooperation are involved. This is best seen in considering the development of international cartels in the great manufacturing and other export trades. The economy of cartels in coal, iron, and steel, to say nothing of chemicals, textiles, and so on, would be greatly restricted in efficiency if Britain did not come in. If the Continental tariff kept out British goods from Europe, it would force her exporters to use all their political and economic pressure to hold non-European markets against the continental cartels. It might drive Britain to seek compensations in a vigorous economic and political imperialism, or it might drive her into closer relations with the other great exporting nation excluded from the European combine — namely, the United States. For a common European tariff, adequate to exclude the growing volume of American imports, — not to speak of monetary loans and investments, — would be bound to affect profoundly the economic policy of America, and, having due regard to Canada, might drive her into some sort of English-speaking economic union. As an alternative, she would be disposed to bring every kind of political and financial pressure to bear upon her fellow occupants of the American continent, so as to bring them within her economic orbit of control, and to enlarge her commerce and perhaps her political interventions in the Pacific.

Such are a few of the reflections, admittedly speculative, roused by the proposal of a European economic union. On the merits of the scheme I frankly confess that my mind is divided. Could it be brought about within the next few years in a fairly complete manner, it would perform immense services, not only in promoting economic prosperity, but in easing the political friction and healing the wounds left by the war and the peace treaties. If carried far enough, it would make political frontiers of almost negligible importance in their appeal to patriotic sensibilities. On the other hand, I find it hard to persuade myself that geographical proximity is destined to play as large a part in the future of economic relations as in the past. In some respects, the commercial, as the social, intercourse of neighbors will always be closer than with most distant peoples. But in other respects the complementary character of an economy based upon diversity of climatic and other natural conditions will make for closer interdependence and division of labor between distant countries. This means that mobility of men, goods, and ideas over the whole world is a better goal and sounder basis for the prosperity, not merely of the world as a whole, but for each constituent country, than any smaller economic union. It may be the case in economic as in political internationalism that group federalism must precede and prepare the ground for world-federalism. But we must not ignore the danger and waste that may ensue from the larger group oppositions and conflicts that attend this process. Will a European economic union favor and accelerate the formation of the wider world-union, or retard and obstruct it? The answer to this question depends upon whether the legitimate short-range utilities of the narrower but nearer goal blind the eyes of Europe to the wider but more distant goal of an organized world-economy.

A final word may be added to the opening considerations of my argument from the analogy of the United States. In dwelling upon the part played by rich and varied natural re-

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sources, an energetic, enterprising population, and unimpeded movement of men and goods over a great territorial area, in promoting large production, I left untouched one great essential to the maintenance and expansion of industry — namely, a constantly and quickly expanding demand for commodities, responsive to each improvement in the economy of production. There is in America none of the *verdammte Bedürfnislosigkeit* displayed by the more backward peoples of the European continent. There is, on the contrary, a general and keen desire for a new and more expensive standard of living, so that rising demand keeps fair pace with rising supply. It may be said that other peoples would willingly consume more, that they have plenty of unfulfilled desires, the trouble being that lack of income, or purchasing power, makes this demand noneffective. Here we touch the true economy of high wages, more important as a stimulus to consumption than as a stimulus to productivity. A prime condition of high productivity and prosperity in America is the more equal distribution of income which prevails. Notwithstanding the existence of a small class of millionaire exploiters, a much larger proportion of the income of America is widely distributed over a large middle, and far larger wage-earning, class than is the case in any European country. The distribution is not so equal as to prevent recurrent overproduction and stoppages that express a surplus of producing power, but these general depressions, though violent when they occur, are of shorter duration and are less injurious to life and industry than elsewhere. An economic union could do much to raise the productivity of Europe, if it were accompanied by economic and political reforms favorable to a better distribution of income, and the creation of a rising standard of comfort among the masses of the coöperating countries that would give full employment to the enlarged capacities of wealth-production.

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BOOSTING THE DOMINIONS

BY TWO VOLUNTARY EXILES

[THE first of these articles, by a young British immigrant to Western Canada, appeared under a nom de plume in the September number of the *English Review*. The second, by Dora Fairbridge, a well-known writer on Cape houses and gardens, was published in the *National Review* of the same month.]

I. A VOICE FROM WESTERN CANADA

HIGH over a prairie city I watch the spring coming in, the gradual breaking of the fierce four months' winter. Out beyond the limits, in the clear hard light, the snowy levels are beginning to be raddled with spots of thaw about the sloughs; there is a softness in the air most distantly reminiscent of an Old Country April; the ice in the river is pitted and mottled under the heightening sun; the farmers are beginning to advertise for their summer help; the West is turning in its long sleep.

Very far away from here — five thousand miles or more — there may be a lad looking into the C. P. R. window in Cockspur Street, and wondering just what there is to it, this Canadian West — whether it is, after all, the solution, temporary or permanent, of all the ills of the disenchanted Old Countryman.

They brought eleven thousand of him over last fall to help with the bumper harvests of these provinces. Of them some small proportion, fallen by the wayside, like the grain they did not handle, were swept up by an effective Government and shoveled back whence they came — where they seem to have wailed about it, in print and otherwise.

But the enormous majority of them, of whom I am one, have found a footing here, after vicissitudes, humorous or exasperating as you may take them; have battled through their first winter somehow or other; and now look, with a confidence I hold not altogether misplaced, for their chance to fit into the scheme of things in this West.

A few notes — very rough, and constituting a sort of snapshot impression — on life and conditions west of Winnipeg and the Red River may be of interest, if not of use, to our perplexed friend in Cockspur Street. If they have no other merit, they are first-hand, and there are no axes to be ground. As the old-timer says, 'It's a great country — if you don't weaken!'

This is the middle of March, and the sun is growing strong; but the ground is frozen yet maybe thirty inches down, and the trees and grass are as torpid as the prairie dogs hibernating in their holes. For five months in the year the prairies sleep immobile, chilled into inanition by temperatures unrelentingly below zero — the winter when no man may work.

With the exception of the railways, whose red grain-cars still stream east with the dregs of last year's crop, nothing moves in the city or on the farm from November to March. The banks and insurance companies take stock of their loans, and each probably has its own little crop of foreclosures or receiverships against the improvident or

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unlucky farmer; the stores carry on their routine, their staffs skeletonized, living on their city trade; real estate men hunt for clients anxious to acquire further responsibilities in land; and the farmer on the prairie, the backbone of it all, moves about his winter chores, sheepskin to the eyes — *adscriptus glebæ*, by distance and the piercing cold, as any mediæval serf.

It is a six-months country, even for the dwellers in cities, tied to a pen; for every steel-and-concrete business block, every church, and house, and store in this city, and in half a score of her sisters, was built by, through, and for the grain — the grain whose yearly life-history is packed into a hundred and fifty hectic days; and out of the aforesaid eleven thousand young harvesters who came over last year, ten thousand, of whom I was one, did not know it.

Canada, like another country, is divided into three parts — divided by enormous distances; and she has developed from east, westward. The maritime provinces need scarcely concern us here; they are self-centred on the sea and its products and trades; but the industrial East, the long-settled Quebec and Ontario — particularly the latter — are so closely identified with the great plains a thousand miles to the westward, and play, and are going to play, so great a part in the immediate fortunes of those settled on them, that our friend in Cockspur Street may well consider them with more than ordinary interest.

It is they who finance the West — at present; to them ultimately goes much, most, of the profit from the millions of bushels harvested up here — whether it be to the Eastern shareholders of the railways, in freight rates; to Eastern capitalists in interest on farm loans; or in the slow, steady drain into the pockets of Eastern manufacturers from three provinces, each the size of the United Kingdom and larger, neither able, nor allowed, to manufacture for themselves.

Put crudely, the East enjoys a 'rake-off' from every article of general necessity used in the West; it is also, and, as it may seem, quite unnecessarily, taking toll of every car of grain grown by the West; it will fight, and is fighting, to the death, against any prospect of economic independence for the West; it has got the coon-skinned farmer where it wants him, in a cleft stick, and it is going to use any and every method to keep him there.

Politics? Of course; and politics, particularly Canadian politics, are ticklish things to monkey with; and the great East-West controversy is hardly one for the uninitiated to handle. Still, it is there, 'sticking out a yard,' for all Old Canada's elaborate disinterestedness, and colors the life of every soul on these plains.

The West is a great country, and a man's country, and a country of opportunity; perhaps there is not such another in the world just now; but all is not well with it, by any means, and it is a very long way from being that El Dorado, agricultural or otherwise, that enthusiastic boomsters in the Old Country would have it be.

I myself came over at the hest of a parson 'with twenty years' residence in the West'; and because I have, without offense to him, proved him wrong, horse, foot, and guns, in his loving appreciation of the country, I think our friend, who may be in the same situation of semipersuasion, may like to hear something of what it seems like to a new hand.

Over here it is a commonplace to say that any fool can grow wheat, and it is to a large extent true; the prairies are full of amateurs — men who came over

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with the most shadowy of notions of what a gang plough was or the difference between a grain- and a cream-separator, who took up — 'homesteaded,' maybe — a quarter-section of one hundred and sixty acres, scratched the ground, threw some seed into it, and have been living in very dubious happiness ever since. The virgin prairie soil is, in many places, of a fertility to bring tears to the eyes of the Old Country farmer, with his hypophosphates and mulches and lime. Here fertilizers are practically unknown — if for no other reason than that freight charges would make them prohibitive. Indeed, it is only comparatively recently that the man in the coonskin coat has been got to take any interest at all in the ground he tills, in rotation of crops, and in fitting his crop to his soil; and then it is only the bad years that have given him sufficiently furiously to think. As a matter of fact, a good crop here is an affair of the purest 'joss'; get a wet spring, a fine summer, an early fall, freedom from hail, rust, grasshoppers, smut, gophers, and a few other plagues that may attack you, and you should do as Alberta did last year — thirty-five, forty, fifty bushels to the acre. But otherwise —

Unfortunately, in some ways, grain farming is not a case of the survival of the fittest. It is a case of the continued existence — somehow or other — of an enormous number of unscientific people, worshipers of the great god Luck, making a little in lucky years, but 'in the hole' good and proper if things do not go just right.

Let us, in a suitably contemplative manner, look into this question of the grain farmer and his finances. Figures are notoriously kittle; but a very rough examination of a pretty typical half-section of three hundred and twenty acres will give some notion of where the coonskin coat finds himself, and why.

Suppose our man to be something of an old hand; suppose he has managed somehow to fight through the bad times without becoming too deeply dipped in debt to loan companies, tradesmen, and the like — quite a supposition, by the way; suppose he is equipped with the necessary experience, tackle, and help to get his crop in when he wants it; and suppose that crop is standing well, untouched by any of the visitations aforementioned, in great promise of thirty bushels to the acre of Number 1 Northern.

Postulate further that, allowing for a feed crop, — oats, likely, — pasture, summer fallow, and his buildings, he has got one hundred and fifty acres under wheat — rather an outside estimate for a 'half-section,' but let it go. Now look at his figures.

One hundred and fifty acres at thirty to the acre is 4500 bushels. Now, he can either sell that to the local elevator company at his station, or ship it himself to a commission firm in Winnipeg, or keep it in the hope of a good spring market. Nine chances out of ten he wants cash; so he hauls it in to the station — maybe ten or fifteen miles — and sells. The elevators will give him around seventy-five cents a bushel for it; if he ships it, freight and commission will in all certainty pull his price down to about the same.

Now, out of this seventy-five cents, deduct fifteen cents for threshing — about the standard charge last year — and another fifteen for labor, keep, and feed, another ten for depreciation, insurance, and so on. Say forty cents 'overhead,' leaving him thirty-five cents for his 4500 bushels — call it 4000, to allow for next year's seed — 1400 dollars in all.

Give him an acreage of oats — they will go in feed: a bunch of cattle which may or may not be 'scrub' and unfinished; half a dozen milkers, if he has

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any sense, for cream is always marketable; hogs, maybe; poultry.

Two hundred pounds profit 'on the side' would be very exceptional indeed; in fact, it is certain enough that the man who is, in his best years, knocking £500 out of a half-section is doing very, very well.

Five hundred pounds — twenty-five hundred dollars. Out of that he must live — assisted, true, by his stock; pay taxes; feed, clothe, and school his children; pay installments of interest on his purchase price, probably; on his mortgage, you may bet your life — unencumbered land up here is a phenomenon these times; and set by for the rainy day that may only too well come.

And for this he has to live on the barren, treeless, bald prairie, five, ten, twenty miles from the scrap of platform, elevator, and hardware store which is dignified by the name of station, and at which a passenger train stops maybe twice a week. Lucky he if he is within touch of a prairie 'town' with a couple of stores, a poolroom, a Prohibition-despising saloon, and even sometimes a ramshackle movie-house.

For six months in the year he has to work, work harder than any Old Country farmer dreams of doing — single-handed as often as not, in this country of sparse population; breaking new land, ploughing, harrowing, discing, sowing, then cutting, 'stooking,' and all the manifold and back-breaking operations of threshing; and at the end of it all, maybe, a hailstorm comes along and lays his 'stand' flat to the earth, or one fine morning he discovers the epidemic, and endemic, rust.

It is all right for a man; a man can live, somehow or other — the West has reduced 'baching' to a fine art. The real sufferers are the women — stuck away on the prairie, household 'chores' month in, month out; never, or hardly ever, the relaxation of a town, much less city; children for a certainty to bring up and nurse, and see to the schooling of (nevertheless, it is a wonderful country for children); six months' anxiety and fret, keeping the man fit and up to his job; then six months of practical seclusion to the two-roomed wooden house, while the thermometer creeps down and down, and the dirt tracks become more and more impossible. It may be a white man's country; I do not think it a white woman's, this prairie.

Calamity-howling? Crabbing the country? Not on your life! Simply and solely an attempt to show what you people in the Old Land do not know — that the grain farmer, the hard, hard liver, is from one cause or another desperately hit; that grain-growing, besides being a lonely, laborious life, especially for the grain-grower's womenkind, is not the royal road to wealth, or even to competence, that some people seem to make it out; possibly, too, preparing the way for another set of suppositions that may well turn into fact, and alter the whole face of the West inside ten years. Calamity-howling is cheap enough on this continent in all conscience; one knows very well where the detractors of Canada who went home last year got their facts. Even the malign and opulent East suffers from it; last fall one of the big Montreal papers had a series of leaders, modestly entitled 'The Whisper of Death,' that would put Dean Inge and the fat boy in Pickwick to very shame as incorrigible optimists.

No. Grain farming may be — whatever it is. But grain farming is a very long way from being the ultimate resource of the West. It made the West, true enough, but, while it will always be a staple, there are other things to occupy our mind and the mind of our

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would-be emigrant on the Cockspur Street pavement.

Consider for an instant the map — there is an excellent one in that window our friend is looking into. Observe the run of the railways — not the big arterial lines across the continent, but the little crisscross networks that fairly shout 'Industry.' There is one such in the immediate vicinity of Winnipeg — a portent, this; another, and far the most important and most closely woven of all, in Southern Ontario — the peninsula thrusting out into the Great Lakes, where stand Toronto and a score of other cities as well.

This is Industrial Canada — just across the road, you observe, from Detroit, where Mr. Henry Ford manufactures automobiles, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and a dozen more bright, snappy American cities, strongholds of the Steel Corporation.

Now, Mr. Henry Ford, *à ce qu'on dit*, is not precisely a dead citizen, and he is not in Detroit for his health; neither is the Steel Corporation; neither are the manufacturers of Brantford and Hamilton and London, Ontario. They are there for the Pennsylvania coal fields, all of them, Ontario included. South of the Lakes, the easiest of hauls from the Toronto peninsula, lies the biggest steam coal field in the States; and that peninsula is only another indication of the truth that — other mediums of power notwithstanding — where coal is, industry follows.

To an Old Countryman, with the industrial North and South Wales in his mind's eye, — still more with the Ruhr under his nose, as it were, — the thing is platitudinous. Given market, outlet, distribution, — whatever you like to call it, — manufactures will hug coal fields, and, where manufacture goes, there go capital, prosperity, the benign circle of economic growth.

If I want to buy a skillet in the hardware store of a prairie town, that skillet will have been hauled something over one thousand miles before it comes over the counter to me. If I want a binder, or a car, or boots, I have to send to Ontario for them, and pay freight thereon. The prairie depends for everything, outside the mere grain and meat and milk it lives on, upon a country a thousand miles and more away from it, simply because the prairie does not — is not allowed to — manufacture for itself.

Why? Simply because the astute and old-established East has got a throttle hold on it, and, while it knows it, is not going to let the fruitful country west of the Red River be anything else than a productive appanage of its own — to be tapped as and when required, which means all the time.

For many years it has been obvious to everyone that the weak spot in the chain of the wheat from field to consumer is the long haul. At present practically the whole of it goes down through Winnipeg to Port Arthur, and thence across the Lakes and through the canals to the St. Lawrence — a marvelous piece of complicated organization, but, as may be imagined, considerably expensive. For equally many years, Saskatchewan and Alberta have been trying to get a line through to the southwest corner of Hudson's Bay, which is open nearly as long as are the Lakes themselves, and is anyhow closer to Europe, over the shoulder of the world, than Montreal itself. Leaving aside definite figures for the moment, it is certain that the saving per bushel, say from Battleford to Liverpool, would run into many cents, to the benefit of the farmer of Battleford, and the material increase of that seventy-five cents per bushel we were giving as our instance just now.

But the years go on, and the Hudson's Bay line, under the gentle manip-

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ulation of the East, — not for one instant forgetting Winnipeg and its Grain Exchange, — gradually drifts into an abstraction, a sort of solar myth, a thing the Western press foams at the mouth over once or twice a year, and politicians solicitous of votes make great play with; but nothing more. Not likely; the East is not precisely going to encourage a by-pass that will deflect the golden stream of the grain past its own retentive hooks. Not it; and hence every kind of obstruction and lobbying and intimidation known to a particularly acute class, year in, year out; and the track, graded, ballasted, and laid, except for just so much as to be 'not completed,' lies desolate and unused under the Northern skies.

Again. The States — which knows quite a deal about marketing produce — has a set of schemes running in the fruit country under which the annual crop of, let us say peaches, is pooled by all the peach growers for their mutual benefit, to enable the trade to take the benefit of good markets, as and when they arise, instead of its following the shortsighted policy, dictated too often by the urgent need of real money at once, of dumping the crop lumpwise as soon as it becomes marketable. There may be arguments against the scheme — I have heard a good many, as propaganda and otherwise; but essentially mischievous or not, it seems to work, in Georgia, where the peaches come from. Why not, then, in grain-growing West Canada?

There has been the most intense campaign waged all this last fall and winter for the Wheat Pool; all the 'spell-binders' of the Dominion have been ranged on one side or the other; the argument that under the pool system the farmer is going to get a certain percentage of ready money at once for his crop, and the rest of an enhanced price when the pool sells his grain for him on a risen market, has been played for all it is worth, and it is probably worth quite a lot; but the thing does n't seem to go — by all indications, won't go. Simply because, once more, the East and Winnipeg are too strong for it; it will be doing them out of a little of that rake-off they have come to look upon as their graft *in perpetuo* on every bushel of the West's wheat; the inalienable, sacred, intellectual superiority of the lounge-suited Easterner over our man in the coonskin coat.

It is there, right enough — this economic suppression of the incoherent and plain-minded West by the thimble-rigging wizards toward the sunrise; the only question is, how long will it last? Some of us think, not forever.

Look at the map once more — just east of Calgary this time. There around Drumheller is nothing less than, if not the largest, at least the second-largest coal field on the American continent, idle and undeveloped. At present they are getting enough coal for the ordinary requirements of about two provinces by the simple process of scraping it off the surface of the ground; the rest, an estimated tonnage needing most of the naughts in the case, is simply left untouched, a white elephant — some say, a white elephant deliberately kept stalled, in more senses than one, by Eastern owners.

Again why? Simple enough once more. First, because the only manufacturing centre of Canada — that Toronto peninsula — is not going to pay heavy freight charges while it can get the same stuff just across the States border for a tithe of the money; and, secondly, because, from one cause or another, there is not the capital up here to develop it. The East will invest money on the good eight-per-cent security of farm loans; but it is not going to sink any of its dollars in industrialism on the prairie while the looms and

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blast furnaces and power plants of its own Ontario are supplying the said prairie, and drawing sound cash therefor. And the railways — to whom the prairie is a bonanza and a perpetual milch cow — are not going to cut rates and encourage industrial development that is going to hit their long-distance freight.

Manufacture follows coal. But it does not follow it into a howling wilderness with no outlet, nor does it betake itself with its attendant plant and capital to a locality where it is not going to get a reasonably quick distribution of its products and turnover for its money.

In other words, it has got to have a market commensurate with its enterprise, and on the prairie at the present time it has not got it. The Ontario-manufactured skillet as sold to the coonskin coat is a drop in the ocean to Ontario's actual skillet output, a trickle from the main stream, whose stoppage would not affect its producing capital more than a moment. And no one sees Eastern capital suffering sleepless nights from the mortgage market up here depreciating.

There are just two big things in the West at present — really undeniable things. One is the place itself, enormous, fertile in agriculture and minerals, quarter-developed, but magnificently exploited; and the other is the wheat crop. But in the affairs that make for 'big business' — markets and quick trading, and, above all, population — the country is in its childhood.

'Well,' I seem to hear our gentleman saying as he turns away over Trafalgar Square, 'hang this fellow; he begins by telling me the West is by no means such a bad place, and then, having successfully crabbed what seems to be its staple industry, he proceeds to tell me there's nothing else!' Gently. I think there is a whole lot else. If these rough notes have a burden at all, it is 'arrested development'; arrested, but still development. And to the European — with his civilization, if not actually tottering through reaction to collapse, at least hit a century hard — any country with a chance of going in the right direction must be a point of interest. And whatever circumstances and the cruel tyrant East have done to this West in which I sit now, they have not destroyed its possibilities — rather emphasized them, if anything. A country that can hold up its head as this one is doing here after the economic and climatic catastrophes of its infancy is not far wrong, and to an outlook anything longer than a nose-length the future is safe enough.

Population — the mainspring of the whole affair — is pouring in; the bad years look to be over; there is an atmosphere about of 'something doing'; old-timers chirp cheerfully about past booms.

Not forever, nor for very much longer, is the West going to be tied to the East's cart tail; if it does not come in any other way, the release will come over that coal business. Everywhere one goes — farm, hotel, club, business meeting — one hears the same cry: 'How long?' Give us another good crop or so to let the farmers fight off some of their back interest and installments, and to grease the wheels of industry in the distributive cities and retailing towns, to put some enterprise into the banks once again, and the prospects are, you will see, a very different West. At any rate, the West itself thinks so, and some of us, allowing, say, fifty per cent for the genial Western 'bull,' are prepared to gamble with them.

II. THE JOYS OF SOUTH AFRICA

In this land of golden sunshine many things are possible which, given the

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same financial limitations, would be impossible for the average man and woman in England. The charge is sometimes brought against the boys and girls of South Africa that they read too little and play too much. But most of them play only in their leisure moments; and how could any mortal help responding when the generous sun and the twinkling sea cry aloud, 'Come out and play with me'?

Take, for example, life in the Cape peninsula. Table Mountain rises like a great square island above the sea. At its feet, on the northern side, lies the city of Cape Town, on the edge of the blue waters of Table Bay. On its southern slopes are Rondebosch and Wynberg and half a dozen other pleasant suburbs, and through them runs a railway that leads to Muizenberg and False Bay, only half an hour's run from the city. Was ever finer playground seen?

Of a morning, it is true, the trains pour into the town thousands of workers in offices and shops, but in the summer afternoons it decants them out again in time to follow their own bent as to recreation. Then there are the long Saturday afternoons and the Sundays and an occasional public holiday.

Take an average boy of twenty in a bank or office. He may choose to spend his Saturday afternoons at Muizenberg, where the train will take him in the company of large numbers of young men and maidens, old men and children, all on their way to the waters of Lethe or Jordan or Siloam, according to the individual case. Here are miles on miles of pure white sands, gleaming in the sunshine, wreathed with sea shells, crowded with pleasure seekers whose footprints and other traces the kindly sea washes away every night. If he is one of the elect and does not wish to bathe with the crowd, he makes his way along the beach to one of the more remote bathing boxes, where his surfing board rests between week-ends. Three minutes later he is running over the shining wet sands with his board under his arm. The little waves run up the beach to meet him, they slap him with jolly good-fellowship, they curl and cream round his feet and knees as he wades farther and farther from the shore. You may go a long way out to sea at Muizenberg before you get out of your depth.

Great wide rollers these waves are, and above them the white sea gulls and gannets hover, and into them the black duyker birds plunge, and over all is the wonderful blue of the sky and the golden sun. The air is warm and fresh and tingling all at once.

The surfers wade out until they are waist-deep; then they turn and poise the end of the plank against them for a moment. With the oncoming wave they shoot it forward, shooting themselves flat on to it as they do so, and it carries them shoreward so swiftly that the sensation is more like flying than like any other form of motion known to mortals. Up on to the white sands they are shot, and then they have to pick up the plank and do it all over again. Of course, there is the reverse, in every sense — when, for instance, you overshoot your plank and find yourself standing on your head on the floor of the Indian Ocean, or when your plank hits you violently and unexpectedly on the most tender portions of your person. But that is all in the day's work, and, take it for better or worse, surfing is a glorious form of exercise. It is also a cheap one, if you do not mind bathing with the proletariat from the general bathing pavilion instead of from your own more expensive, if much pleasanter, private box. You may bathe with crowds of all ages and both sexes, if you like them, or you may find quiet stretches along the shore which you and

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the gulls and the waves have to yourselves.

The sea of South Africa is often so warm that it is possible to remain in the water for an hour or more — on the Indian Ocean side, that is. The Atlantic has a little private current from the South Pole which renders its waters colder — if more invigorating.

Or suppose that our young man prefers lawn tennis to surfing or swimming. If this be so, the mermaids may whistle on their combs in vain — he turns a deaf ear to the allurements of the sea, and spends all his spare hours after office or during the week-end at one of the many lawn tennis clubs of the suburbs of Cape Town. Lawn tennis players in South Africa attain a very high degree of proficiency, owing to the fact that they are able to play for nearly three quarters of the year — indeed, there are districts in which they play throughout the year.

During the summer months cricket draws great crowds to Newlands and other grounds. At the Cape the game is played on turf, but in some other parts of the Union on a hard wicket. There is an equally enthusiastic muster at the football matches in winter.

Golf has many fervent devotees. There are golf links everywhere, one of the finest being at Wynberg. Perhaps the balls and clubs cost more than in England, owing to custom duties, but there is the consoling thought that you are not likely to lose as many balls in the clear radiant South African air as in a Scotch mist.

At this point, lest it be supposed that a paradise without a flaw is being depicted, the southeasters should be mentioned. They blow at intervals during the summer months at the Cape, and are at the same time very healthy and very exasperating. They are cool, fresh winds, not in the least like the khamsin or the sirocco, but they come with a force that may take you off your feet if you are unprepared. That is the unpleasant side of them. To their credit may be placed the fact that they blow millions of germs out to sea and make of Cape Town one of the healthiest cities in the world. Besides, there are places in the Cape peninsula which are entirely sheltered from their vigor and feel only the coolness which they bring in the heat of midsummer. It is, however, an unpopular wind, though people have been known to like it and to describe it admiringly. The southeasters are very local, and you may swim in an unruffled sea at Kalk Bay and know by the waves outside what Kipling meant when he wrote, —

> White as the sands of Muizenberg
> Spun before the gale.

Or you may sit in a garden on the Wynberg slopes in perfect serenity, and know only that the wind is blowing elsewhere by the white clouds that scurry overhead.

Let us return to our young man in the bank, for, if surfing and swimming, golf, tennis, cricket, and football fail to interest him, he has the world's wonder-book of Nature spread out before him. The Cape Mountain Club has many members, who spend their week-ends on the heights, looking down from the summit of Table Mountain upon the villages clustered at its base, or in scaling the peaks of the Drakenstein or Hottentots' Holland Mountains. Most people climb for the sheer pleasure of climbing, of surmounting difficulties and drawing in the clear, limpid air of achievement. But the Cape peninsula — indeed, all South Africa — opens a wide field to the lover of birds and beasts and flowers, and the almost perfect climate makes a delight of life in the open and the study of these things.

If he does not want to climb, our young man can walk, for the roads are

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good and the scenery exquisite. It is difficult to do justice to the beauty of the Cape peninsula in words. He may leave figures and managers behind him, and with his knapsack on his back swing along roads where the views are as lovely as from the Cornice or that wonderful track that leads from Amalfi to Sorrento. It is the combination of blue sea and sky, gray and purple mountains, rich breadths of flowers, — arums, heaths, and belladonna lilies, — shady avenues, and glittering white sands, that makes the beauty of the place. There is a road between sea and mountain which leads to Cape Point, where the peaks run out into the aquamarine water. It is one of the loveliest walks in the world.

To the motorist a still wider range is open. Long days in the open air, seldom too hot and even more rarely too cold, may be passed in motoring from one fine view to another, from Dutch homesteads set in their sheltering oaks to old-world villages such as Stellenbosch or Paarl.

Comparatively few people ride at the Cape nowadays, for the motor has driven horses almost off the road. There is, however, the Cape Hunt Club, and its members rise of a morning early, entrain their horses to Kliphenval or some other likely spot, and spend happy days in the open. Frequently the jackal, who takes the place of a fox, gives them a good run, but even a blank day has its compensations.

With the departure of the Imperial troops from South Africa polo vanished from the Cape peninsula, but it is played vigorously in other parts of the country, especially in districts such as Natal or Griqualand East, where numbers of ex-military men from India have settled on pleasant farms and within easy reach of each other.

Race meetings, on the other hand, are held frequently all over the country. Johannesburg has a very fine racecourse, and at Kenilworth near Cape Town there is a charming one, where all the world and his wife gather on Saturday afternoons throughout the greater part of the year. There are many South African owners whose names are well known in other lands, such as Sir Abe Bailey and Mr. Solly Joel.

For those to whom the more vigorous forms of sport do not appeal, there are countless bowling clubs, with velvet turf, where on cool evenings the more sober and restrained among the population may be seen stooping and bowling, happily oblivious of the cares of office or bank.

The Cape — indeed, all South Africa — has always loved dancing, if we may judge by the old records. The Dutch people in the country even danced on Sunday afternoons, and apparently the Reformed Church looked leniently on these junketings, though doubtless they had sat through an hour-long Calvinist sermon in the morning. Today the large hotels in the chief towns have followed the example of Cairo and the Riviera, and provide bands and polished floors for their patrons. There are several dancing clubs and a certain number of private dances, in addition to those given by the Admiral at Simonstown and by His Majesty's ships, and the great balls at Government House. All the year round, fine or wet, the people of the Cape dance — small wonder that they are proficient at it.

All this sounds as though the Cape were given up to nothing but amusement. It must, however, be remembered that not all the people who do these things do all of them. It is improbable, for instance, that the elderly heads of families who play bowls are also members of the dance clubs, though in this post-war world all things are possible. But for those who like amuse-

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ment, as all healthily minded people do, it is to be achieved at the Cape with less strain and at less expense than in many parts of the earth. No one need be dull in South Africa, if he loves an outdoor life. Some of the forms of sport and amusement which have been enumerated are only available in the neighborhood of the large towns, and this is a country of vast distances. But there is no dorp so small that it has not its lawn tennis club, its cricket and football matches; no farm so remote that it has not its share of the joy of outdoor life as well as the hard work, whether your pleasure lie in riding over the veldt under a cloudless sky or wandering, your pointer well to heel, in search of quail or guinea fowl or red-legged partridge. Big-game shooting on the more heroic scale is to be had too, but this is rather for the few than for the many. Buck, however, are plentiful on some farms and in the veldt in the neighborhood of Kimberley.

Fishing is a very popular South African pastime — a word for which one would apologize in this busy world were it not so well suited to the fisherman. Dwellers on the coasts spend many hours on the rocks, fishing with red-bait for elf, stumpnose, and kabeljauw, or they go out in boats — but this is reserved for the stout-hearted who can wobble about on the crest of the great Cape combers and remain unstirred by any untoward emotions. Trout are found in many rivers now, the ova having been introduced some years ago from home, and they attain a considerable size and afford good sport.

It must not be supposed that there is no food for the mind as well as recreation for the body in South Africa. Cape Town, for instance, is very musical, and, in addition to a good school of music, has a symphony orchestra which is as fine as any in the Southern Hemisphere. Durban, too, has its own very competent orchestra. The standard of music played by the Cape Town orchestra is a high one, though popular concerts are also given for the unlucky ones to whom Dvorák and Chaikovskii are merely sound and fury. It is, however, very interesting to observe that, year by year, under the influence of its orchestra, Cape Town is being led to love the best in music and to appreciate and discriminate where once it only listened. There are many more lovers of the Unfinished Symphony to-day than when the orchestra began its peaceful penetration of the soul of a people.

Art — if one may be forgiven for using this nebulous term to designate painting and modeling and carving — has hitherto lingered behind music. Within the last year, however, an admirably equipped Art School has been established in Cape Town. Pupils are flocking thither from all parts of South Africa, and much talent, hitherto stifled, is coming to light. It may seem irrelevant to include schools of music and art among the joys of life in South Africa. But there are deeper wells of happiness than those which provide delights only for the lusty and vigorous. For others, who have sometimes found their souls starved for lack of the nourishment which Europe provides so freely, for those who in leaving England fear that they are leaving all culture behind them, this recent inspiration in the life of South Africa is like water in a thirsty land. It means, too, that the children of the future will have ample opportunities for development in the higher arts which hitherto could be achieved only by a prolonged sojourn in Europe.

Cape Town is also rich in a very fine public library. It has good bookshops, which are supplied by the weekly mails with new books almost as soon as they are published.

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It is, perhaps, more uncertain whether clubs should be included in the joys of life or merely among the necessities of civilization. However, there are excellent clubs in all the large towns. The country clubs of Johannesburg and Durban are delightful assets in the life of a land which spends most of its time out of doors. The country club of Cape Town has recently been founded and is still in its infancy. Then — and to some this is above all — there is the joy of travel. From Cape Point to the Victoria Falls, from Durban to the Cunene River, the country is full of interest.

THE BOLSHEVIST MENACE TO INDIA[1]

BY A KABUL CORRESPONDENT

[THE following article from an eminent critic of Middle-Eastern affairs is of particular interest at the present moment in view of the ban placed on the entry of Mr. Tomskii into England to attend the forthcoming Conference of the Trades-Union Congress at Bournemouth. Mr. Tomskii, who is now reputed to be assisting in the direction of Soviet emissaries working in European ports, was at one time known to have been implicated in the control of Bolshevist propaganda in the Middle-East.]

VERY few Englishmen appear to appreciate fully the significance of the Bolshevist menace in the East. Indeed, some even deny the existence of it. Yet if they could come to the streets of Bokhara, away in the heart of Asia, the tragedy of the Bolshevist rule, with its persistent will to get to Delhi, could not remain hidden from them long. It would be a rude awakening both to those who speak of self-government in India and to others in Great Britain who still prefer to close their eyes to the reality of Soviet designs on the British Empire in Asia. But to appreciate the real importance of the Bolshevist influence and its dangerous progress toward India it is necessary to go back a little to the history of the Central Asian States.

When the wave of the territorial extension of Imperial Russia had reached Orenburg, on the shores of the Aral Sea, it was thought necessary to reduce to submission the peoples of the steppe and the Uzbeks of Bokhara, so that a link in the Russian scheme to invade India could be added. For beyond the River Oxus lay Afghanistan, which the diplomats of the Court of St. Petersburg thought could be allied, bribed, cajoled, or threatened to allow the Russian armies to pass to the gates of the Khyber and finally to the North of India. In pursuing that line the Kirghiz of the steppe were subjugated, the Ameer of Bokhara was made to kneel down to the might of General Kaufmann's troops, while a little later Skobelev massacred thousands of Turkomans in his effort to bring them under Russian rule. So cruel were his methods that the dread-

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Baldwin-Conservative weekly), *September* 4

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ful memory still lingers in the desert country of Transcaspia, and whenever Turkoman women and children hear a military brass band playing they prostrate themselves and touch the ground with their foreheads, asking for deliverance and peace — the reason being that the massacring army of Skobelev marched into the Turkoman camp led by a military band.

These were, then, the circumstances of oppression in Central Asia during the times of the Tsar; and an oft-quoted saying of General Kaufmann remains still on the lips of old men at Bokhara: 'We are the standard bearers of culture.' That Russian governor is reported to have said, 'Our mission is to rid Asia of its dark corners by means of the torch of Russian civilization.' And yet terrorism had reached its limits, the entire Middle East felt the ominous shadows of the Russian giants across the Oxus. The next step in their scheme was to establish an intimate connection with Persia, but more especially with Afghanistan, and they were now casting longing glances on the rich plains of India, beyond the sun-baked hills of the Khyber.

With the people of the Central Asian States groaning under the weight of Tsarist thralldom, tense feelings were released in 1917. The revolution was afoot in European as well as in Asiatic Russia, the last vestige of Imperial Tsardom was burned to ashes in the streets of Tashkent. There were cries of 'Liberty, fraternity, equality. Oh, the oppressed peoples of the world!' The idea was not long in reaching Central Asia, Afghanistan, and Persia, and it even echoed in the back lanes of remote Indian towns, in Benares, Delhi, Lahore, and Calcutta. But maltreated as the peoples of Central Asia certainly were, and although Bokhara was drenched with memories of oppression and bloodshed, one great fact stood in bold relief — that the conservatism of the Holy East was allowed to remain intact during the Tsarist régime. It was the assault of the Bolsheviki on those time-honored traditions of the East which exasperated the peoples of mid-Asia. They thought that they were to revolutionize the modes of life of their forefathers, and in a word that they were to learn a new philosophy — the political gospel of Lenin — and forget their past. But an Eastern lives in the past glory of his ancestors; he does not see why he should share his hard-earned income with an idler, who cannot do a stroke of work, merely because he is a 'comrade,' a disciple of Karl Marx. The new and the old ideas began to struggle, and in order to win ground the Bolsheviki were compelled to resort to intense propaganda in the East. Without propaganda, they thought, and thought quite rightly, none would swallow their doctrines in Central Asia; without converting the people to their own way of thinking the power and prestige of Soviet Russia could not be built up, nor, without a belt of followers from Bokhara to Kabul and Delhi, could they hope to plant the Red Flag in India, and raise millions of unlettered masses to enact a drama in Hindustan similar to that staged in Russia.

Various items of importance give a glimpse as to how the scheme is actually working in the East. Their first step was, of course, to organize the overthrow of the old Ameer of Bokhara by a secret organization called the Young Uzbek Party. The ruler of Bokhara fled to Afghanistan, and lived for some time there as the guest of King Amanullah at Qillah Murad, and when that country was proclaimed a Socialist Republic the official organ of the Communist Party hailed the occasion chiefly because Bokhara lay so close to

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Afghanistan and India. In the larger towns of the Middle East Bolshevist propaganda brought a so-called renaissance very much more quickly than had been anticipated by the Russians themselves; but when the townsman awoke to the fact that the comrade Soviet agent was no other than the old Russian dressed up anew, who had merely come to supplement one despotic oligarchy for the other, he began to fret. That drove the Bolshevist propagandist to the villages and the steppe. The military took their places, to keep order in the cities while lectures were delivered far and wide from Ferghana in the East to Krasnovodsk on the shores of the Caspian Sea. At every wayside station a group of the people of the desert or the nomads of the steppe were subjected to long harangues and propagandist cinema shows, which generally ended with the distribution of leaflets emphasizing the good points of Bolshevism.

Then a campaign was undertaken farther afield and emissaries were sent to Kabul and even farther east. But in view of the circumstance that Afghanistan was intensely conservative, it was thought necessary to alter the outlook of that country first. A specially equipped school of propaganda was started to train men who could act as Bolshevist agents. The Executive Committee of the Communist International devoted a great deal of attention to the training of the men who were to be its representatives, and therefore 'workers' were classified into two groups, those who knew Russian and those who did not. The number of students at its foundation was no fewer than 933, of which 147 were women; and they represented many nationalities — Persians, Indians, Arabs, Koreans, Chinese, Japanese, Algerians, and others. The school soon opened its branches in Tashkent, Samarkand, Krasnovodsk, and Baku. Not only was the civil side of the Eastern question of interest to the Bolshevik, but also an especial effort has been made to understand the military forces in British India. The avowed intentions of the Russians to-day differ not in the least from their outlook during the Tsarist times so far as their hatred of the British in the East is concerned. India is their goal, and if they have not so far got to Delhi it stands as a testimony to the watchfulness of England. The danger is real, and no purpose can be served in minimizing the menace by merely endeavoring to ignore its existence.

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SPAIN UNDER THE DICTATOR. I[1]

BY A MAN ON THE SPOT

[THE author of the following article is a German intimately familiar with Spanish political conditions both before and since the present dictatorship. It was written shortly before the latest attempt to overthrow Primo de Rivera.]

MIDSUMMER has never been the right time to visit the Spanish capital. Those who can do so flee from its narrow, suffocating streets to the mountains or the north coast resorts. For weeks the intolerable heat used to paralyze the life of the city. Men scarcely ventured out of their houses until evening, when they sought the plazas and promenades for a breath of cooler air.

But how different now, after a few years' absence! To be sure, the sun is as hot as ever; it has driven the thermometer to above one hundred Fahrenheit in the shade, and the asphalt in Puerta del Sol is again as soft as butter. Yet traffic dies down only for a brief interval in the middle of the day, after which it resumes as actively as ever; and the pell-mell of motor cars and pedestrians does not ebb again till midnight. Madrid, the old, easy-going, loitering Madrid, Castile's provincial capital, has been transformed into a modern metropolis. Great reserves of wealth and energy must have been latent in the old city to work this miracle, this tremendous victory over climate and tradition. The littered vacant lots enclosed by ruinous board fences, formerly common enough in the very heart of the city, are now occupied by public buildings and business palaces of lavish size and cost. Gigantic modern hotels face the plazas with proud façades, and offer faultless comforts unknown in the cramped inns hidden away in the old town's narrow streets.

Gran Via has cut a broad corridor directly through the heart of the city, admitting light and air to its labyrinth of crooked alleys. With its palaces of trade it already outrivals the boulevards of Paris. Soon it will be completed to the Palacio Real, providing a new artery for Madrid's crowded traffic and a ventilator for her congested centres. Marvelous indeed is the sanitary transformation in the pest-haunted town of old. Science and nature have labored hand in hand. Plazas and promenades into which the sun used to pour its heat unchecked are already embowered in trees, under whose shade children play even on the hottest days, and dance graceful measures to the sound of the castanet.

Yes, Madrid breathes more deeply now. A girdle of shady driveways encircles the suburbs. Garden cities with green lawns and flower gardens extend in all directions from the older town. A new subway, among the best in the world, carries the visitor quickly to the very edge of the country, where attractive inns, each with its little park, offer him entertainment.

Nevertheless, the very first evening, when I was returning with a Spanish friend from a little trip of this kind, and

[1] From the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *August* 29, and *September* 2, 5, 6, 8, 15, 19

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was in the very act of praising enthusiastically the wonderful improvements I had seen, we stumbled across a little ten-year-old lad sound asleep on the steps of the subway station. None of the hurrying passengers paid attention to him. No policeman interfered. The child would sleep there throughout the night. He was but one of the hundreds of little vagabonds who spend their days begging or stealing in the streets, and their nights wherever the late hours overtake them. No one has ever tried to enumerate this great army of *golfos*, or deserted and homeless children. The public leaves them to their fate until they commit some crime that brings them under the strong arm of the law. In this respect Madrid has not changed. These waifs are as numerous as ever. Mendicants are as numerous as ever. Beggars crowd the streets.

Attempts have been made to gather up these deserted homeless children and to give them public care, but lack of public interest and inadequate funds have so far made them fruitless. The Directory has now been in power for three years. It seeks to justify its existence by the sins of its predecessors. One of its first acts was to abolish elective municipal governments and replace them by appointed officials. Primo de Rivera violently assailed the *ayuntamientos* for their neglect and incompetence, and stigmatized them as full of corruption. These charges were only partly justified. Madrid's wonderful progress would not have been possible without the initiative and direction of the old city governments. The trees that now shade her parks and avenues were planted long before the Directory was established. The public buildings and boulevards which have transformed her were constructed by the very officials whom the Dictator accuses of incompetence and dishonesty. And the situation was the same in Barcelona, Saragossa, and many other cities. Wherever you travel in Spain, these evidences of progress are visible, and they do not date from the last three years.

But mere physical improvements, which are so striking that they provoke commendation or criticism at first glance, do not constitute the essence of a nation's political life. If they did, the Dictator might be held responsible for all the evils which have survived from the earlier period. The old officials were at fault for failing to do things that were necessary and possible of accomplishment. The Spanish people have suffered many sad experiences during the last thirty years which they might have escaped but for their chronic disregard of civic duty. Physician after physician has administered his political panacea. But none of these, no matter how well-meaning, made good, because Party controversies or personal rivalries paralyzed his efforts.

Now, however, the country has a dictator who is unhampered by such obstacles. Yet he has not remedied the evils produced by the apathy and neglect of his predecessors. He wins applause and recognition, nevertheless, because his manner imposes on the public. Furthermore, Primo de Rivera has succeeded in several very laudable undertakings. This is recognized even by people who detest the kind of government for which he stands. His fight against bureaucracy was extremely popular. He has gained great credit for toning up the slothful and negligent civil service. He has compelled government employees, who used to turn up at their offices only long enough to smoke a cigarette and gossip, to keep regular office hours. He is also said to have checked the sinecure abuse, by which gentlemen with 'pull' were able to draw liberal salaries for purely decorative services.

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The Dictator has declared that he will no longer tolerate the practice of permitting a man to hold a public office while employed by a private business firm. Such double connections have been a source of corruption in the past. But I am told that he has not made much progress with this reform, and that the old evil continues in the immediate entourage of the men now in power.

Yet even assuming that the Dictator has purified to some extent the civil service and has increased its efficiency, this achievement, laudable as it is in itself, does not touch the heart of the question. We cannot appraise the present régime from this fact alone. We must delve deeper into the situation.

That is exceedingly difficult. Sources of public opinion from which one normally gathers material for judging a political situation are silenced. The press is rigidly censored. Places where public affairs are ordinarily discussed and debated are closed. The nation's intellectual leaders are banished or in prison. Parliament has been sent home, and the Constitution suspended. In order to get the picture of the situation under the present dictatorship, it is therefore necessary to apply for information to the very people who are administering the Government.

Last month I saw Primo de Rivera at the national automobile races at San Sebastián. He was with the Royal Family, and moved carelessly about among the spectators, sometimes in company with the King, sometimes with the young princes. They had no police protection. The monarch despises such precautions; he wants to be thought a brave man by his subjects, and does in fact have that reputation — even his opponents call him *el rey valiente*. The Dictator resembles the King in his contempt for personal danger. He knows that he is exposed to assassination every moment, but accepts the risk with cool bravado. His broad, thick-set figure was clad in a faultless gray summer suit, and he carried his hat in his hand, so that his gray hair and clean-cut features showed to best advantage. Thus he strolled carelessly through the crowd, laughing happily, gesticulating vehemently, chatting with friends on the grand stand, and acting as much as possible like an ordinary citizen.

My Spanish companion had declared: 'Yes, sir, you 've only got to see this Primo de Rivera. There 's *un fresco con toda la barba* for you.' He meant that the Dictator's careless unconcern for his personal safety has something taking about it. My friend is no partisan of the present Government, but an outspoken Liberal opposed to the Directory and all its works. He is always prophesying the speedy overturn of the present unconstitutional régime; but at the same time he confesses a certain personal liking for its head. He does not consider Primo de Rivera either an able or a strong man, but he admires his recklessness and a certain chivalrous quality in his character. That, in fact, is precisely what every Spaniard likes.

Primo is descended from a very old family of Jerez, where it possesses large vineyards whose vintages are famous. Therefore he is more than a mere South Spaniard; he is a genuine Andalusian. People know what that means when they wink over his fondness for wine and women. The volatile temperament of his race is combined in his case with overweening conceit, so that he imagines he can deal competently with any problem, no matter how difficult. If he blunders and fails, he passes it off with a joke; even the worst setbacks leave him undisturbed. He is insensible to personal danger. It is no accident that nearly all bullfighters are Andalu-

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sians, for every Andalusian is a bull-fighter at heart.

A few weeks ago, when someone tried to assassinate Primo de Rivera at Barcelona, the General was quite undisturbed. To be sure, the attempt was a trifle fishy. A man, who was later proved to have no accomplices, hurled a dagger at the Dictator's closed car as he was riding past. This was so silly as to create the presumption that the would-be assassin was of unsound mind. Rumors got abroad, however, that the attack was never intended to be serious, but was a trumped-up affair to give Primo a little prestige. I do not believe this story, because if such a comedy had been planned it would certainly have been carried out more artistically. However this may be, more than twelve thousand messages of congratulation and thanksgiving poured in upon the Dictator during the next few days. Even the Sultan of Morocco was moved to send his little tribute.

Since the censorship prevents the publication of anything criticizing the present Government, and only official versions of any event are printed, people place no trust in what they read. Apparently the Dictator does not realize this. He has persuaded himself that he is actually the most popular man in Spain, that his statesmanship and generalship are infallible, and that the nation's single wish is to have his rule last forever. His speeches indicate a conviction that the people summoned him to power — which is quite the opposite of the truth. When he seized the government, he promised that it should be for only a short period, not more than three months; but at the end of that time he discovered that he could not relinquish his authority until the tasks to which he had set his hand were finished. In this way three months have dragged out to three years.

What is the task to which the Dictator has set his hand and which has taken so much longer than he anticipated? In his *Pronunciamiento* of September 13, 1923, he declared that his purpose was to reëstablish the authority of the Government, to restore law and order, and to settle the Morocco question. He was probably sincere in saying that he had no idea of imitating Mussolini. His model, according to his repeated assertions, is General Prim, who revolted in the sixties against the corruption of professional politicians; but he never refers to the interesting fact that in 1868 General Prim drove out Queen Isabella and prepared the way for the short-lived Spanish Republic.

Primo de Rivera is right, however, in saying that he is no imitator of Mussolini; for the conditions and motives behind the Italian and the Spanish usurpations of popular government are radically different. The Fascist régime sprang from the bloody seed of the World War. Battle and victory had excited the military and nationalist enthusiasm of that people, and had filled them with vast ambitions and imperialist dreams which they have apotheosized in the *Duce*. Spain, on the other hand, has learned from the bitter experience of centuries the lesson that she must renounce imperialist ambitions. Since her unfortunate war with America in 1898, which stripped her of the last shreds of her once mighty colonial empire, her people have turned completely away from their old dreams of conquest. They have seen the neighboring States of Europe progress and prosper in the paths of peace, and wish to do the same. The old military mouthings have been silenced. An attempt to revive the belligerent policies of old would be promptly vetoed by the nation. Spain's people have learned the cost and fruitlessness of warlike ad-

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ventures abroad. They do not care to repeat the lesson. They seek salvation in economic and cultural development at home. . . .

One wound, however, has so far remained unhealed — a poignant reminder of ancient error. That is Morocco. Spain has continued to pour out blood and gold to defend her last foothold in Africa. And how wastefully and hopelessly! She might have relinquished her barren claims even there were it not for patriotic pride. Her African interests date back for centuries, while France, her great competitor, is a relative newcomer. Her long-standing trade there was captured by other nations. International finance became involved. It was evident that unless Spain stood up for her rights France would seize the whole Morocco coast. The latter country fought the Moors with colored colonial troops and a Foreign Legion. Spain was compelled to send her own sons to the battle line.

Most Spanish soldiers are recruited from the poorer classes, from families which cannot raise the fifteen hundred pesetas, or three hundred dollars, to buy exemption from military service. Her reservists come from the same class, and when they are called to the Colors leave no one behind them to provide for their destitute families. Hence the bitter hatred of war, and especially of the Morocco war, that settled in the nation's heart. That hatred has caused violent upheavals in the past. A few years ago it produced a general revolt known in Spanish history as *la semana trágica*, when anti-draft riots were suddenly converted into a furious campaign against the Church, during which eighty convents and houses of worship went up in flames.

We must keep this historical background clearly in mind in order to understand the political significance of the Morocco problem. We must realize that the Morocco campaign was intensely unpopular, and was humiliating to every patriot. Each new disaster there produced tumults and mutinies at home. For twenty years Morocco had paralyzed the economic efforts of the country. Billions of money — to say nothing of fifty thousand human lives — had been sacrificed for a phantom. Any statesman who promised to settle that problem for once and for all was sure to have the favor of the people.

For a time Primo de Rivera advocated withdrawing from Morocco, and lost his post as Captain-General of Cadiz for that reason. When he seized the dictatorship he declared that a restoration of public order, which was the corner stone of his programme, was impossible without first settling the Morocco question. He said it would be his first concern to determine who was to blame for Spain's military disasters there. In fact, he did start proceedings against high military officers, and a few severe punishments were inflicted. But the other cases were delayed and came to naught. In the meantime the Dictator had a change of heart, and swung around to the opinion of the military *juntas*, that the honor of Spain and her army forbade an inglorious retreat. He resumed the campaign against the Riffi, when he suffered bloody defeats; but he has had the good luck to extricate himself from their consequences with the aid of France, who soon forced Abd-el-Krim to surrender.

Now that an honorable opportunity to withdraw from Africa has presented itself, however, the Dictator, instead of carrying out his original intention, has begun a furious diplomatic campaign to gain new territories there. So the people have no idea what their Government really plans to do. The incalculable temperament of the Dictator makes anything possible. His diplomacy cannot be predicted from one

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morning to the next. In judging his policies we must bear in mind that they are entirely his own, and not those of the Spanish people.

With the surrender of Abd-el-Krim the Morocco problem passed from the military to the diplomatic stage, and that item in Primo de Rivera's programme was virtually wiped off the slate. This left him free to deal with his next task of restoring public order and the authority of the Government.

During the war and immediately afterward Spanish manufacturers were exceedingly prosperous, on account of their heavy exports, especially to France; but they were in constant trouble with their labor. The old Spanish trade-unions were moderate organizations with leaders of middle-class mentality, who sought to better the conditions of the working classes by political agitation. They thus won some real advantages for the workers in the way of higher wages and a shorter working day; but as a Party they never became a vital factor.

Simultaneously Communist Syndicalist organizations sprang up in the manufacturing cities of the northeast, and secured some recruits among the landless rural laborers of Southern Spain; but they made little headway in Madrid and the central provinces. These 'Red Syndicalists' were extremists in both doctrine and tactics, and after the Russian Revolution were supposed to have close relations with Moscow.

Since the labor troubles in Barcelona continued to grow more acute, Martinez Añido, then Civil Governor, formed strike-breaking unions, or 'Yellows,' to keep the factories running. This aggravated the workers, who resorted to terrorist tactics. A campaign of sabotage and assassination ensued, which rapidly assumed a revolutionary character. 'Yellow' union leaders, unpopular employers, and police officers and officials were murdered on the public streets. At length, the Government even resorted to the dangerous device of subsidizing murder gangs of its own to retaliate upon its opponents. Primo de Rivera, who was at this time Captain-General of Barcelona, energetically supported the Civil Governor in all his policies. The vigorous measures of these two officials were rapidly getting the situation under control, when Primo de Rivera seized power at Madrid, disbanded all Labor organizations, and haled before the military courts every person suspected of terrorist acts. Immediately a deep stillness settled over the land — the stillness, not of peace, but of fear.

Since then an acute unemployment crisis has arisen. The conditions that produced a brief period of industrial prosperity during the war were reversed. This has helped to tame the proletariat. I was assured in Barcelona that the workers had given up radicalism. They are too busy now hunting for a job to think of strikes and sabotage.

A dictatorship is needed, therefore, to maintain law and order. A competent police force can do that. Consequently, even people who like Primo de Rivera personally, and who think he has done wonders for the country, would like to see him retire from the scene. They consider this the propitious moment for him to go, on the theory that the dictatorship has been necessary hitherto but that its unnecessary prolongation will invite new troubles. But Primo will not listen to the suggestion. Armed with absolute authority, he sternly suppresses every expression of dissent. He makes and executes the laws. A great nation accustomed for years to civil liberty is under the thumb of a single man, who has managed to keep in power for three

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years by reckless oppression and persecution. Slowly, however, a great ground billow of resentment is beginning to swell beneath the surface.

A visitor returning to Barcelona after several years' absence is not as much impressed by the improvements there as he is by those in Madrid, largely because it was always an up-to-date commercial and manufacturing town, without the mediæval survivals of the capital.

The business centre shows comparatively little sign of change; but the suburbs and the surrounding country have undergone a wonderful transformation. Your Catalonian is proud of his industry and enterprise, and rather despises his more backward fellow countrymen of the central and southern provinces. He considers himself as not only geographically but also temperamentally a North European.

No change is more striking in Barcelona than the increasing use of Catalan in daily life. You hear it everywhere — on the streets, in the shops, at the hotels. So universally is it spoken that when you hear a man talking Castilian you involuntarily stop and listen. You wonder whether the Spanish of Cervantes, which next to English is the most widely diffused of any language, is losing ground? I talked with people of all classes and occupations, and, except for a couple of young mule-boys from the country and a fishwife who had come to market from a little beach hamlet, all understood Spanish perfectly and spoke it fluently and sonorously. Educated Catalonians said: 'We are a bilingual country like Alsace. We cultivate our mother tongue, partly to show our political colors, our determination to be independent.'

This separatist movement is as old as the effort to make Spain a united country. It dates back to the ancient *fueros*, often won and defended by force of arms, which the provinces possessed for centuries and which guaranteed them special autonomies and privileges under the general suzerainty of Madrid. They symbolize 'states' rights' sentiment, which is particularly strong in Viscaya and Catalonia, and has led to several attempts at secession.

Separatism is kept alive by the Catalonians' dislike and contempt for the Madrid Government. History shows, in fact, that a strong central Government has hastened Spain's decline. Madrid's attempt to monopolize authority, notwithstanding its incapacity to govern, has permitted power in the provinces to fall into the hands of caciques, or local bosses, who have made themselves virtually arbitrary rulers of their respective districts by means of favoritism and corruption. Time and again the authorities at Madrid have been forced to truckle to the caciques. The only power that might have suppressed this evil would have been vigorous autonomous provincial parliaments. Progressive politicians have always demanded this. They have been for states' rights, not because they were disloyal to Spain, but because they wanted better government.

In Catalonia this movement is supported by two classes — those moderates who wish simply to reform political institutions on a national basis, and radicals who would break entirely loose from Spain. Naturally, many shadings between these two opinions exist. Moderate autonomists resent the province's political dependence on Madrid because they believe it holds back Catalonia industrially and postpones the whole nation's political progress. The separatists would cut all ties with Madrid and go their own way as an independent nation. Their programme

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is: Catalonian laws, Catalonian administration, Catalonian parliaments, Catalonian courts, and Catalonian schools — and, as a tie binding them together, the Catalonian language.

For twenty or thirty years before Primo de Rivera seized power, the Spanish Government had temporized with this problem and had sought to solve it by compromises and by playing off one Party against another. It is even suspected on pretty good authority that the politicians then in power at Madrid found the discontent in Catalonia not unwelcome; for it gave them an excuse to keep the country heavily garrisoned. Nevertheless, Catalonia received important political favors, especially high tariffs to protect its manufactures. In fact, so far as the fiscal régime was concerned, the Catalonians profited by the Spanish connection at the expense of the rest of the country.

Catalonia's prosperity during the war and immediately afterward strengthened, not only the Communists, but also the Autonomists. When the Dictator seized power his first act was to crush the Separatist as well as the Labor agitation. He employed the same measures in both cases. Prominent Autonomist leaders were thrown into prison, their organizations were disbanded, their clubs closed. They were not permitted to fly the Catalan flag, or to use their own tongue in court or in public offices.

Has this solved the Catalonia problem? No more than it has solved the relations of labor and capital. Primo de Rivera grows eloquent, to be sure, upon the better spirit manifested in the rebellious province, but never was such optimism more artificial or misplaced. A prominent resident of Barcelona said to me: 'It is as if you were to handcuff a man, put a gag in his mouth, and then solemnly say, "Silence gives consent."'

A leader of the more moderate Autonomists said: 'The strong-arm methods of the Directory have put a temporary quietus on open protest, but the agitation will eventually break out the more violently hereafter. Madrid has severed the last moral tie that bound us to her. If we were to have a free election, the extremists would show huge gains. We moderates are being driven into their ranks. Men who were half-heartedly in favor of secession are now its whole-hearted advocates. You cannot settle such questions with a garrison of fifty thousand men.'

I found that opinion universal. The Catalonian movement has merely been strengthened by the Dictator. 'Nevertheless,' a leading Catalonian, and an extremist at that, remarked, 'when we recover freedom of action we shall not want complete independence at once. We shall fight Madrid harder than ever; we shall make the problem of governing us more difficult than ever; but we shall not secede, because we need the Spanish market. Spain buys our manufactures. We have not yet a foreign market large enough to keep our factories running; but when we do get one, we shall insist on political independence.' Other Catalonians were less optimistic as to their ability ever to compete abroad on terms that would liberate them entirely from dependence on Spain's protected market.

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IMMIGRANTS IN FRANCE [1]

BY GEORGES ALTMAN

I. METROPOLITAN CONTRASTS

HOMES with broad bay windows flooded with air and sunshine, where evening lights give glimpses of spacious interiors; boulevards abounding in luxury and crowded with automobiles hastening to places of entertainment; rivers of light, perfumery, and rich apparel, where the well-to-do of France and foreign lands take their evening pleasure — the heart of Paris, the 'beautiful Paris' of fat-pursed tourists!

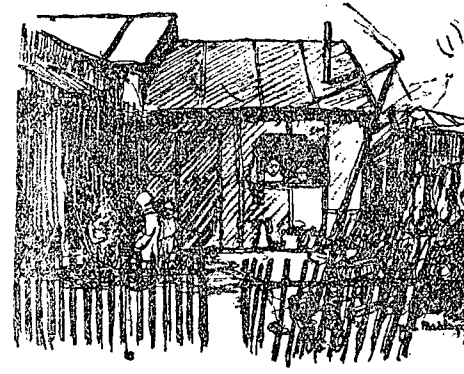
Crowded slums stretching far into the suburbs; a savage desert of sordid huts buried in darkness except for an occasional dim, flickering light, suggesting the fluttering breath of despair. Clignancourt Gate, whence extend long lines of sordid barracks — the 'zone' peopled by the 'immigrants'!

Here herd Albanians, Portuguese, and Spaniards. Our Paris of a thousand shames has no more distressing place. Here the destitute huddle in narrow alleys so cramped that they scarcely afford a passage, filling filthy hovels of every shape and material. Painted canvas stretched over poles, rotten boards, crumbling and precariously balanced chimneys. A great encampment of misery and want!

Through the open window of a stall-like structure somewhat longer and brighter than its neighbors, I see a bar with shining bottles. Its proprietor is a bony-faced man, with deep-set eyes, ruddy complexion, and a bristling beard and moustache — an Albanian. When I inquire about his fellow countrymen, he says: 'They mostly live around here, three or four in a hut. Back in my native land are lofty, beautiful mountains, great herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep. Good. But there are too many of us for the country. We can't all be shepherds and herdsmen. There is not enough land; there are no factories. So we emigrate, and this is what we find. Most of these men work in the automobile factories. Oh, they make a living; and, for amusement, they talk, smoke, and drink.'

Few of these mountaineers speak French, and they have little intercourse with other immigrants. Individualists by temperament, and accustomed to solitude, they pay little attention to what goes on around them.

Another cabin, higher and more comfortable; a horse grazing tranquilly next to a hack, in a narrow alley with



An untidy yard, a baby crying at the window, piles of garbage around which children are playing

[1] From *Humanité* (Paris official Communist daily), *August* 21, 23, 24, 27, 29

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bunches of sickly grass along the side. Another cabin in the same untidy yard; a baby crying at the window; piles of garbage, around which children are playing. Farther down the alley a row of little cabins where I read, one after another, 'Lopez,' 'Garcia,' 'Vientris.' A little boy carrying an empty bottle shouts in a sonorous language: 'He says he won't give wine till he gets cash.' A Portuguese laborer just back

A Portuguese laborer trots his baby on his knee

from work trots his baby on his knee, while a woman looks on smiling. On one tiny house, which seems ready to fall down with the weight of its single story, some wag has posted this notice: 'Concierge in the basement. Water and gas in every story.'

Gas need not be mentioned; but water is essential, and there is none. For ten sous a week the people come from all directions to get it from the Albanian saloon-keeper who has the only pipe and faucet in the neighborhood. Oh, yes, there is a fountain, three quarters of a mile away. I see haggard Spanish and Portuguese women coming back from it, bent over under the weight of great bundles of wet clothing from the wash.

II. LA VARENNE–SAINT–HILAIRE

At La Varenne-Saint-Hilaire the Marne runs between splashes of sunshine and bending verdure, where tree shadows sway lazily across the tranquil water. Every prospect pleases except where man has made it vile with ugly turreted villas and new excavations gashing the green countryside.

Before us rises a rocky, forest-crowned slope white with fresh detritus. Halfway up, it is bisected by a horizontal shelf — a railway under construction. Dotting this scene of labor are foreigners — great, phlegmatic, sunburned, clear-eyed fellows, who lean upon their picks and shovels and smile at the newcomer. Montenegrins.

I hail them. They approach with easy, elastic steps, and extend hands cracked and calloused by hard labor in the blazing sun. They work nine, ten, eleven hours a day, often until nightfall, for three francs or three francs and thirty-five centimes — less than ten cents — an hour. Those farther on, working in the tunnel, have an eight-hour day because their labor is considered more exacting. The gang consists of two hundred immigrants, including some Italians and Spaniards, but principally Serbs, Croats, and Montenegrins.

The construction company does not board its employees. That is done by a contractor, one of their own countrymen, who has built two long barracks, one for sleeping quarters and the other for a dining-room, where he boards the men for eleven francs, or something over thirty cents, a day. Last year they slept on the bare ground, but this season they have been given hard iron beds. In good weather, however, many of the men prefer to sleep in the neighboring fields and woods, for their quarters are insufferably crowded —

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twelve beds so close together that one has to walk on top of them to move about.

During their scanty leisure the men play cards. I noticed among them an eighteen-year-old lad with the gentle, regular features of an idyllic young shepherd, still wearing his mountaineer costume — a short jacket, skin-tight trousers, and leggings. One of the older men explained: 'We work like mules, like mules. In the tunnel we get three francs and seventy-five centimes an hour; but it is the hardest kind of work, and a boss for every three men. We can't save much money to send home, and when we do send it, it often fails to reach our folks.' In the gang were Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrins, and Bosnians, several of whom had left their country on account of their political opinions.

The eighteen-year-old boy said to me: 'We get along excellently with the French workmen. They lend me money when I have n't got it — that 's to say, pretty often.' At this remark his companions roared with laughter, with the happy, unrestrained laughter of children.

While we were talking, the boarding-house master appeared with a rude three-stringed native violin. Stiako Metrovich, their fiddler, seated himself, and, bidding his companions be silent with an imperious gesture, began to play on the *guzla* the old war ballads of his country.

Charging furiously, the Haiducks
Have killed and seized the rich merchant's silver.
To the sound of chants of victory
They have distributed it to the unhappy people.

Thus runs this sturdy song of revolt by the famous poet of the Haiduks, Starina Novak, who celebrated the feats of these outlaws. They were heroes to the subjugated people, heroes who pillaged and burned the estates of their *boyard* exploiters and the monasteries of the greedy monks, avenged the wrongs of the oppressed peasants, and then vanished into the pathless forests.

The old man played on joyously, a happy smile lighting his countenance, and lifted his voice in chanting intonations. His song began with a subdued melody, which soon quickened into the clash and fury of battle, followed by sadder strains of mourning for the wounded; until at last, with a far-away look in his eyes, the singer was silent, and the strains of the guzla alone carried the poignant message of death.

It is nine o'clock. Silence rests over the camp. The walls of the barracks are plunged in darkness except for the dim flicker of a single smoky little petroleum lamp, which throws into half-lights and shadows the rugged faces that surround me. Mail arrives — very late in this lost corner of the world. The men snatch their letters and read them greedily, standing in little groups; and the contents are legible from the alternating smiles and sadness on their countenances.

III. CHAVILLE–VALIZY

At Chaville-Valizy, as at La Varenne, cool and quiet groves, a pond, sunshine, where villas nestle among the trees. But not where the immigrants live. To find them, we must turn aside to a remote dusty compound. A courtyard with broken pavement slopes down a hill. It is surrounded by low, miserable sheds, where boxes of malodorous garbage stand close to the doors. Here is where the Rumanian workers lodge.

Naturally, they are huddled three or four in a little room. Each pays the landlord, a rugged butcher, fifty francs a month rent. The latter explains: 'You see, I expect to pay for the property in three years.' The butcher's house, a comfortable enough residence,

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stands sentry over the courtyard and the hovels behind.

Most of these Rumanians have come from Transylvania, though several are from Bessarabia. An emigration company gathered them together with a promise to ship them to the United States. They paid two hundred thousand lei to the company for their party, for which they were to be delivered at their destination. When they reached Havre the company coolly informed them that they could not go any farther, because Rumania's 'quota' was filled. Deceived, robbed, deserted in a foreign port, a number drifted into Paris, and others scattered around the country. By some odd chance several of them turned up in Morocco, where the Riffi enlisted them in their army. There they were captured by the French and liberated, and now they are lost in the factories of Paris and its suburbs — modern nomads.

Seated in his tiny crowded cabin, a red-moustached Transylvanian said: 'I work at the *blanchisserie*, a big plant, eleven hours a day, for thirty francs [less than ninety cents]. I run six machines. Down at the foundry they used to make me work for a franc and a half [less than five cents] an hour.'

A big brunette Rumanian woman, with drawn, pallid features, also works at the *blanchisserie*, where she receives two francs and forty centimes an hour. Another man, a Bessarabian, who works in a fertilizer factory where the stench and gases are almost intolerable, is paid three francs an hour.

According to official statistics, nearly ninety-four thousand Rumanians have migrated to other parts of Europe, mostly to France. They are in large part political refugees, for Rumania is a fertile agricultural country, by no means overpopulated, and without unemployment. These laborers are Bessarabian and Transylvanian peasants belonging to national minorities who have fled from the persecution of the officials and gendarmes of their native land. One pitiless measure, which shows the political character of the emigration, is a government decree to the effect that any Rumanian who leaves the country without an official passport shall sacrifice his citizenship and have his prop-

Surrounded by low, miserable sheds, where boxes of malodorous garbage stand close to the doors

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erty confiscated. Indeed, these exiles are pursued even in their new abode. At Chaville the Rumanian workers have formed an Educational Club, which not long ago held a picnic in a neighboring grove. A day or two later a representative of the Rumanian Legation turned up and asked the municipal authorities at Chaville to give him the names of all the members of the club.

IV. AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT

Any evening, when walking along the narrow streets surrounding the great railway stations at Paris, you can see through half-open doors dark, narrow, dirty stairways. If you have the courage to ascend one of these, following perhaps some gaunt, bent form ahead, it may lead you to a low-ceilinged, smoky room, dimly lighted by a dirty lamp, where Moors and Algerians sit playing that old African game, the *ronda*. But this is the brightest side of life among the Africans within our gates. To see them as

North African types

they really are, you must explore the most sordid and neglected of the Paris *banlieues* — for example, the Arab encampment at Gennevilliers, on one edge of a great plain shut in by black factory walls, above which rises a sky line of iron roofs and smoking chimneys. This is an empty, gullied, neglected piece of ground, along the farther side of which cluster crowded hovels — the Arab village of Grésillons. The place is a picture of dilapidation and decay, and is wholly populated by Kabyles, Algerians, and Moroccans, of whom there are four thousand in Gennevilliers.

These people sleep in dark sheds, containing from sixteen to twenty beds packed together in close ranks, without linen, blankets, or pillows. Each person pays thirty francs a month for the privilege of occupying one of these. At the gas works men labor for nine hours for thirty francs, and pay two francs and a quarter for their meals — or as high as four francs for *kuskus*. 'It takes two dishes to fill a fellow up,' one of the men remarked. I watched two Algerians preparing this gruel from white, transparent grains of semolina cooked over an oil stove. The eating house was suffocating. Swarms of black flies covered everything and filled the air with a constant drone. Men were eating reddish flesh cooked with cabbage, while an ancient gramophone rasped out a nasal native chant. A Moor translated it to me as follows: —

> To some Allah gives abundance,
> To others he gives naught at all.
> Let us whose portion is penury
> None the less sing, dance — and weep.

So these miserable people are merry in spite of their privations. Chocolate faces and sparkling jetty eyes laugh to the rhythm of the song. A young Kabyle in the yard outside dances a step or two in slow cadence. But they are a people of fickle mood, forgetting their troubles one moment, only to sink into an abyss of despair or to fly

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into a paroxysm of rebellious rage the next.

A man plays a gentle, melancholy, almost inaudible air on his *djouak*, or long reed flute. He plays to himself, moody and apart from the others, and little by little I extract from him this story: —

'You think, I suppose, that I have always been like this, with these dirty clothes, looking like a fright. But back home in the mountains I had white clothes, made expressly for me — long, flowing robes, a house, a piece of land. But little by little it was taken from me — taxes, drought, and the double exactions of your French officials and our cadis. So I came here, leaving at home my wife, my mother, and four children. I send them all the money I can save, in order that they may live. I went back once. I wanted to stay, but we should have starved. So I had to come back. As I served in the war and have my papers, I can go where I like. I am better off than a good many, for they have to bribe an official every time they move about. I am working in an ammunition factory. They pay me the equivalent of six cents an hour for fourteen hours a day. French workers on the same job get half as much again.'

Some of the men said that their foremen grafted on them, and that they had to bribe their bosses in order to keep their jobs.

Leaving this group of hovels, I was taken down a broad, clean avenue to a good-looking, two-storied house bearing the sign, 'Lodgings for Africans.' We went around to the rear, where there was a door opening into a cellar stairway. We descended this, feeling our way through the darkness with our hands. I could not believe that human beings actually lived there, but they did. The place was filled with crippled iron beds covered with filthy, ragged mattresses. There were six or seven compartments in the cellar, each occupied by four laborers, every one of whom paid forty-eight francs for his lodging. I shall not try to describe the deplorable impression that this damp, filthy, unventilated cellar, with its miserable human occupants, produced upon me.

V. POLAND IN FRANCE

A new national minority is being created in Northern France, where a great, compact Polish settlement is forming, with its family life, its customs, and its language, held together by a powerful nationalist organization.

I drop off the train at Douai on a bright August Sunday morning and find the city in grand fête. A big business *braderie* is being held. These *braderies* and *ducasses*, or fairs and street shows, are an institution in the towns of this part of France, where everybody joins in their noisy, bustling gayety. From the railway station to the centre of the city my ear catches at every step the accents of a foreign tongue. Strange signs meet my gaze — Polish tailors, the Warsaw Bank, Polish restaurants, and names and trades undecipherable to me. All the way from Douai to Waziers the road is bordered by Polish barrooms, from which I hear the sound of music and dancing. At Waziers I find a Polish town — long lines of new houses, all alike, saucily complacent with their red roofs and bright paint, and a big square-roofed church. It is a model village, built by the mining company for its immigrant laborers. Women in bright-colored kerchiefs loiter in the doorways and stare at us with an indifferent expression on their big blonde faces.

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Nearly six hundred thousand Poles have settled in France within the past few years. They are found all over the country, but mostly in the two departments of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais, where they already number four hundred thousand. More than ninety per cent of the population of Sallaumines, Noux-les-Mines, and Bruay-les-Mines are Poles. Their coming has assumed the proportions of a formidable invasion which is transforming the aspect of these provinces. Two languages are spoken in the towns, written on the signs, and printed on menus, official notices, and even postal cards. From Lens to Sallaumines every person to whom I spoke answered, with a Slavic accent, '*Pas comprendre*,' and I had to wait until I reached a town to make myself understood.

These immigrants have brought their families and are rearing flocks of little children on our soil. An army of priests, every one of whom is a chauvinist and never lets the people in his charge forget that they are Poles, has followed in their wake. Yet nine out of ten of the newcomers were born under the German flag, in Posen or the industrial provinces, and many have never seen their 'fatherland.' 'That girl there,' one of them said to me, 'is a *Westphalka* [born in Westphalia], the other's a Posnanian, and the third was born in the Ruhr.'

In order to keep these Polish laborers from fraternizing with French workers, the priests, with the benevolent encouragement of the mining company, have organized them into Christian trade-unions, where they are isolated as much as possible from contacts with the country which they have made their home. Then they have their St. Joseph and their St. Nicholas Societies, and their Sokols, and a curious institution called the 'Bible Students,' imported from America, whose leaders preach a return to the 'Golden Age' of primitive Christianity and the constant study of the Bible.

At Bruay-les-Mines, where there are more than fifty thousand Poles within a radius of three miles, a few shops and

Polish Sokols

two hotels are still conducted by Frenchmen. Everything else is Polish. I found a bit of Poland here, with its own restaurants, shops, handicrafts, banks, newspapers, and offices. On Sunday, the women with bright new kerchiefs over their heads, and the men in heavy frogged jackets and gloves, — despite the heat, — file off in long lines to church.

Many of the surface workers at the mines are women, who toil all day long in dust and dirt at the breakers, picking the slate from the coal. At one of the large shafts the underground men, seventy per cent of whom are Poles, work for twenty-six francs — the equivalent of seventy-five cents — a day. Most of the French miners are skilled hands, *chefs de taille*. A company eating-house faces the pit head. Twice a month each miner receives a statement from his employer, in which his meals and purchases at the company store are deducted from his earnings.

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Many of the ignorant miners, naturally, have no way of checking the company's accounts.

I had a brief word with one of the priests, an ardent Nationalist, who was riding about in his comfortable motor car. To a fellow journalist, a reporter of *Matin*, he remarked unctuously: 'No, we will not give up our mother tongue at any price. That is what protects us from evil political influences.'

A strange cortège approaches — several hundred young men, wearing three-cornered, feathered hats, marching in step, playing on big, beribboned mandolins and trumpets, and singing their national hymn, 'Poland Is Not Dead.' A young Polish girl standing next to me murmurs: 'Yes, but they would n't go back there.' A priest leads this Sokol procession, followed by two Polish women bearing an image of the Virgin.

ITALY, FRANCE, AND THE VATICAN[1]

BY LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

If I were asked to define Mussolini's policy, I should say, judging from his own words, that this former Socialist is fully convinced that Italy can never be happy while confined within her present frontiers. His message to his fellow countrymen is: 'Instead of fighting each other and ruining ourselves by partisan strife, let us get together, discipline ourselves, act like true Romans, and wait for a chance to seize some rich booty elsewhere. Let us make an end of our everlasting debating. We have better things to do. Follow my lead. What do our little winnings from each other amount to in our overpopulated Italy, compared with what we can get by dividing up the globe?'

In other words, 'the great proletarian nation,' as the Italians sometimes call themselves, is giving up class war, which yields it no profit, in order to wrest its riches from some foreign nation. . . .

I have been told repeatedly in different parts of Italy that children are being brought up with the idea that their country, although she was the savior of civilization in the World War, has been shamefully cheated by her allies. This doctrine is also constantly preached in the press. We may well ask ourselves, therefore, what ultimate intention lies behind this agitation. What is the purpose of inculcating in the young people of Italy a fanatical conviction that it is their duty to redress an abominable injustice done their nation? How are we to reconcile such teaching with Italy's commitments at Geneva and Locarno?

To be sure, the Fascisti are frank enough on that point. They declare openly that they do not believe in peace. They consider the Locarno accords pure trickery, and delight in ridiculing them. When you converse with Italians you at once discover that they are looking forward to the next war. An Italian paper recently boasted that Italy was the only European na-

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *August* 28, *September* 11

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tion that had recovered its strength and fighting spirit after the drain of ten years ago.

One of my Italian friends, an exceptionally intelligent man who is friendly to France, said to me one day: 'It is already nearly ten years since the World War ended. It is about time to be looking for another one. This idea of enduring peace is Utopian. Locarno won't change anything. The rest of the world wants to go to sleep, trusting in the status quo, but Italy has escaped that attack of lethargy and is boiling over with energy.'

'Quite possibly,' I replied; 'but if I were an Italian I 'd be a little worried to see my country officially dissenting from the ideas that seem, at least for the time being, common to all the rest of Europe. When a number of Powers are more or less sincerely trying to cultivate a European spirit, it is neither pleasant nor prudent to set one's self up against that effort. Finally, it is simple logic to conclude that the belligerent nations remember the war and its lessons with a vividness in direct proportion to their suffering.'

Italy's present obstreperousness is that of an overpopulated, high-strung, ambitious nation spurred to action by what Proudhon called pauperism — a craving for food. When Italians call themselves 'the great proletarian nation' they make an argument of their needs and interpret them as rights. But they do not like to have other people call them proletarians.

Their claims are the natural protest of a prolific nation against a status quo which they consider insupportable. Left without colonies, the Italians fear that they may not be able to procure the raw materials they need, and that they will not be able to provide for their surplus people. To-day seven millions of them are living abroad; two hundred and eighty Italian newspapers, one hundred and fifty-seven of which are in America, are published outside the Kingdom. An enormous expansive force is compressed under the national flag, and inevitably produces a high temperature.

As a result, Fascist writers have turned covetous eyes toward different parts of the world — toward Australia, which they say arbitrarily excludes their immigrants; toward Canada, where a sparse population occupies a continent; toward Russia, certain of whose territories they think should be placed under a European mandate. They continually lament that some of Germany's African colonies were not given to them. They say that Asia Minor was their promised land, and from their Isle of Rhodes they cast covetous glances toward Anatolia. *Idea Nazionale* writes: 'The present map of the Mediterranean must be changed, and that can only be done by force.' Another Italian publicist protests because so many huge colonies are owned by other Powers — 'one of which has no surplus population, and can exploit its possessions only with foreign labor.' I have been struck, during my stay at Rome, by the number of people who have told me bluntly that Italy intends to get the Portuguese colonies.

A well-known national writer, Signor Francisco Coppola, recently declared: 'When we talk of erecting an Italian Empire, we mean a colonial empire, an empire outside of Europe, an empire beyond the sea.' The *Duce* personally protests that he has no particular territorial objective in view. All that he is so exigently demanding in Tunis is that we make permanent and definitive the present provisional arrangement by which the children of Italians born in that country may retain the nationality of their parents. I believe Mussolini is perfectly honest in this

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matter, but some Italian journals harp upon the alleged wrongs suffered by their fellow countrymen in Tunis, and picture them as martyrs deprived of their liberty and the right to earn their daily bread. How are we to pick and choose among these contradictions? If the Government means what it professes, why does it permit such articles to be published?

Mussolini also says: 'You have so much to trade with, from Tunis to the Near East. We have many things to talk about. Are you so wrapped up in Syria that you cannot see that we are the preponderant commercial Power throughout the Levant, and even as far as the most distant Black Sea ports?'

Haunted by memories inherited from Genoa and Venice, Italy has dreamed for these many years of becoming supreme in the Ægean Sea and along the coasts of Asia Minor. Since her war with Turkey she has clung tenaciously to Rhodes and the Dodecanese Islands, which are such convenient bases of operation against the neighboring mainland. In 1917 the Allies reserved there for Italy a zone which included Smyrna. Almost immediately afterward, however, the English repudiated the bargain and encouraged the Greeks to seize Smyrna, from which they were later disastrously ejected. But if the Italians had occupied Smyrna, they would not have stayed there, any more than they stayed at Adalia, which they held for a time, or than we French remained in Cilicia.

Does Italy wish France to turn Syria over to her? There are plenty of well-informed Frenchmen who would be ready to do so if they felt certain that this would end, once for all, Italy's nagging. But as long as that nation is in its present mood, have we any guaranty that our act of generosity would not be taken as a sign of weakness and merely encourage the making of new demands upon us?

However that may be, we should persuade Italy, by a policy of justice and wisdom, that we are her friends. We should do all in our power to assure to her the raw materials her industries need. Neither country can afford to waste its energy on fruitless rivalry as to which is the leader of the Latin races. We have more important things to think about than such purely decorative distinctions. The two countries are jointly interested in preserving peace and the freedom of the sea in the Mediterranean, and in enforcing the terms of the treaties against the Central Powers.

Our Italian friends complain that they lack resources to support their growing population, which increases by half a million every year. Yet their cabinet ministers proclaim defiantly that they intend to maintain this birth rate. That is entirely their own affair. But it is hardly prudent for them to employ this argument to justify the right to interfere in the affairs of other nations. Italy's rapid increase in population, moreover, does not come from Piedmont and Lombardy, her industrial provinces, whose intelligence and enterprise rule the country, but from the more backward provinces of the South. That is something upon which Italy should meditate. The increment to her people comes from the poorest, the most ignorant, and the most superstitious section of the country. We cannot permit the whole course of European civilization to be changed by that phenomenon. Such pretension would be absurd. On the other hand, it would be equally unjust to refuse offhand to recognize the importance of this factor in Italy's domestic problem.

France, far from wishing to block Italy's progress, as some of our friends in the Peninsula unjustly suspect, would

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be happy to see her acquire a colonial empire extensive enough fully to occupy her energies. . . . But let us say frankly, as long as she is forced to show the consideration that she does to-day for Great Britain and the British fleet, she is not likely to engage in enterprises that have not first been approved by London. In speculating upon Italy's policies, therefore, we must not forget that they are determined by a controlling force outside of Italy, which we must constantly keep in mind.

Fascism seeks the favor of the Vatican. It has made religious instruction compulsory in primary schools, and has authorized the clergy to choose the teachers who give that instruction. It has created chaplaincies in the Army, restored the Cross to the Capitol, and otherwise advertised its respect for the national faith. Mussolini himself has attended important religious ceremonies, and has encouraged others to do the same.

How do the Italian clergy receive these overtures? One of the best-informed men in Italy tells me that they are divided into three approximately equal groups. The first has been won over by the Fascisti and is working with them; the second is undecided and waiting for further developments; and the third, which includes the lower clergy, who are in closest contact with the people, is bitterly hostile to the Fascisti and devoted to the doctrines of Don Sturzo. The high policy of the Vatican is enigmatical and inscrutable. An institution nearly two thousand years old, catholic in the etymological sense of the word and regarded by millions in all parts of the world as their spiritual centre and gateway to salvation, can pursue long-range policies and disregard the transitory phenomena of the day.

Attempts to use Catholicism to aggrandize Italy are not entirely new. But Mussolini has been more outspoken and sensational in proclaiming this intention than any of his predecessors. In his speech on the twenty-first of June, 1921, when he was still merely the chief of a little Fascist group, he declared: 'I affirm that the traditions of the Latin world and of Imperial Rome are now represented by Catholicism. . . . I am greatly distressed by seeing national churches organized, for they stand in my eyes for millions and millions of people who do not look constantly toward Italy and toward Rome. For that reason I believe that, providing the Vatican will renounce its claim to temporal power, as I think it eventually will, Italy ought to give the Holy See all the aid, physical and otherwise, in her power; because the progress of Catholicism throughout the world is a matter of interest and pride to every Italian.'

But has Mussolini, since his rise to power, made the world forget his public profession of atheism on the twenty-fifth of March, 1904, at the People's Palace in Lausanne? Is the Preface to his *The True John Huss* forgotten, where he wrote, as recently as 1913, 'In publishing this little book I trust that it will arouse in the hearts of its readers hatred for all kinds of tyranny, whether spiritual or profane, whether theocratic or Jacobin'? On the twenty-eighth of September, 1919, when addressing at Milan the Garibaldians back from the Argonne, he said: 'I should love a pagan nation which chooses battle, life, struggle; which does not believe blindly in revealed truths, and which despises miraculous panaceas.'

Someone has said that only imbeciles never change. Mussolini has a perfect right to change his belief. But is it absolutely certain that there is not, hidden away somewhere in the capacious pigeonholes of Vatican archives, a

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complete file of Mussolini documents, including his project for confiscating the property of the Church?

The Fascisti have hoped from day to day to end the dispute which has made the Pope a voluntary prisoner ever since the King of Italy entered Rome. The Church keenly feels her loss. She will not be consoled by summary solutions. Confident in her own eternity, she patiently waits for the better day she believes will come. But Fascist Italy has definite aims. It concentrates on narrow and warlike nationalism, while the Sovereign Pontiff incarnates internationalism — impartial love for all mankind. How are these antagonistic sentiments to be reconciled? The Papacy is entirely Italian. Its General Staff is entirely Italian. But the Holy See is universal.

Another obstacle in the path of reconciliation is the fact that the Fascisti won their victory over the body of the Popular Party — the pet, and some say the child, of the Vatican. We should have to go back in history to trace the beginning of the Church's effort to create a democratic Catholic Party of its own in Italy. The Pope sought to save the country from a Socialist revolution, and his remedy was the antidote of Christian Socialism. Out of this campaign emerged suddenly on the eighteenth of January, 1919, the Popular Party — which, in order not to compromise the Vatican, declared itself nonconfessional, and claimed to be independent of Catholicism. Playing upon Italy's persistent memory of her mediæval free cities, its leaders appealed with wonderful success to regional and local patriotism. It adopted the catchwords and the insignia of the mediæval communes; and in the election that year, under the leadership of Don Sturzo, it captured one hundred seats in Parliment. This was two thirds as many as the old and powerful Socialist Party commanded. Like the Socialists, the *Popolari* condemned the war, and they promised the people radical social reforms. The two Parties were enough alike to be bitter rivals; but their common pacifism made them an object of attack for the fighting Fascisti, who had no toleration for their doctrines and refused to discriminate between them. In fact, the Fascisti employed the same tactics of physical violence against the Popolari that they did against the Communists and the Socialists.

Nevertheless, when Mussolini seized power the Popular Party permitted its members to join the first Fascist Cabinet. But this truce was very brief; and three months later its ministers resigned and the Party passed over to the Opposition. Mussolini's followers devoted the following year to wiping the Party off the map. That was a tougher problem than suppressing the Socialists, because the Popolari were grouped around their priests. Simultaneously Mussolini tried to persuade the Vatican that he could protect it better than its chosen servants. In return for important concessions to the Church, he asked the Holy See to withdraw recognition from his opponents. The Holy See partially complied with his demands by dismissing Don Sturzo as Party Secretary and by forbidding priests to be members of political associations; but it let Don Sturzo continue his political agitation.

Reports have been current repeatedly that the Vatican and the Fascisti were on the point of reaching an agreement, but something has always happened to prevent an understanding. After the elections of 1924, the Fascisti of Brianza, angered because the Popolari had not voted as they wished, assaulted them on the public streets, wrecked their houses, and pillaged their coöperatives. The Pope imme-

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diately sent fifty thousand lire to the victims, whereupon certain Fascist newspapers began to abuse him violently.

Early this year the Fascist authorities had worked out several legislative reforms peculiarly agreeable to the clergy, but in a public interview a Fascist subsecretary unfortunately used this phrase: 'We wish to pass from a state of latent warfare to a state of quasi coöperation.' *Osservatore Romano*, the organ of the Vatican, at once announced that the projected law was entirely the work of the Government, and that the Holy See would not be content without 'the full liberty and independence, both real and apparent, and visible to the whole world, to which it has an imprescriptible right.' This article started a violent controversy. Farinacci, Secretary-General of the Fascisti, roundly denounced the Popular Party and the Church, and called Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, 'a vulgar demagogue.' The Pope answered this by presenting the Cardinal in question with a valuable medal, accompanied by a letter referring to his high services and calling him 'the authorized interpreter of our thought.'

Still another difficulty has arisen out of the suppression of all non-Fascist labor organizations, including the Catholic trade-unions. One strong point of the Church in Italy has been its social work among the people, and the Vatican was supremely interested in defending these unions. Ever since the new labor decrees, therefore, a silent struggle has been going on between the Church and the State over that issue. . . .

Two fundamental principles are in conflict at Rome. One affirms the brotherhood of all mankind, the other the survival of the fittest and the extermination of the weak. I do not venture to say which of these two doctrines holds the greater element of truth. I merely point out that they are as irreconcilable as fire and water. The Fascisti would strengthen Catholicism, as a power to be employed in the interest of Italy . . . but they want a Black Shirt Pope. . . .

Evidence is accumulating that these developments are being followed with close attention by the higher dignitaries of the Roman Church in all parts of the world. If Mussolini's ambitions are realized even partially, they may modify the whole constitution of Catholicism. As long as Italy was a congeries of little states, and as long as she represented humanitarian and pacifist liberalism after her unification, no one resented the fact that the highest dignitaries of the Church — the cardinals and the Pope — were Italians. This spiritual primacy, consecrated by centuries, was by general assent accorded to a nation which until recently has taken no part in world rivalries.

But this situation will be radically changed if Italy proceeds along the path which Fascism has cut out for her. To-day she is a kingdom of forty-two million people absolutely under the thumb of a patriotic clique, which makes no secret of its world-embracing ambitions and designs. Fascist Italy dreams of empire. She ridicules the sentimental humanitarianism of Geneva and Locarno, and exalts the cult of force. Her mentality is essentially pre-Christian, and she cannot be false to it without betraying herself.

Under these conditions some eminent Catholics are beginning to question if it will be wise to allow the Italian clergy to monopolize, hereafter, the administration of the Holy See to the extent that they have done hitherto, with the free consent of the Church in other countries. Can a Bismarckian Italy, mouthing the ancient jargon of Pan-Germanism, retain the ineffable privi-

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lege of supplying its guides to the Catholic world? Not long ago the *Dublin Review*, one of the principal periodicals of a country profoundly devoted to the Roman faith, inquired pertinently: 'Is n't the Universal Church as a matter of fact run almost exclusively by Italians? Would it not be wise to make our ecclesiastical administration more international?'

A BON FESTIVAL MEDITATION[1]

BY SHUKO CHIKAMATSU

[A NOTED Japanese dramatist records his meditations during the Bon Festival, which is dedicated to the memory of one's ancestors. Such an article loses much of its original quality in translation. Nevertheless, the present version preserves beneath its conventional English exterior enough evidence of the intimate working of the Japanese heart and mind to be a document of national character. It originally appeared in *Chuo Koron* (the 'Central Review'), from which it was translated for the *Japan Advertiser*.]

THE Bon this year is the new Bon for my deceased mother at my home in the country.

I never think of my mother without feeling that death made her happier than life in this world, although I miss her greatly. She was accustomed to say that she would live till she was eighty, and she expired peacefully on the morning of April 7 this year at the age of eighty-five.

We all hoped that when her time came she would pass away when the farm workers were at leisure. Death during the hot summer or rigorous winter inconveniences others; so every one of my family hoped she would expire in the season when the cherry trees were in full bloom. Such a death is most becoming a person aged more than eighty.

Saigyo Hoshi expressed this in his poem:

> I wish to die under the full bloom of cherry trees in the full moon of Kisaragi [the second month of the lunar calendar].

April is called Uzuki, the fourth month of the lunar calendar, and its eighth day is reserved for Kanbutsue, the date for the fête of the Buddha's birthday. My mother expired a day before it.

How unfortunate I was to be away from home when my beloved parents passed away. Once many years ago my mother had a fortune-teller forecast her future. He said that my spiritual affinity with my parents, brothers, and sisters was singularly weak. She often repeated his remark. It was thirty-two years ago that I left home for Tokyo, and soon afterward I lost my father. On receipt of a telegram I hurried home, only to find him dead.

About noon one day I received a telegram which informed me of my mother's death. The announcement

[1]From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), *August* 31

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was a thunderbolt, as I had just received a letter saying she was in better health. With heavy heart I arranged to leave for my native village. A stiff breeze was blowing, which threw grains of sand all over me in the waiting-room of the station. I was not overwhelmed with grief, on account of my mother's advanced age and previous suffering, but the rattling of windows made me feel lonesome. As soon as I was safely aboard the train I felt as if I were released from care.

On reaching home I found my return had been eagerly awaited. My nephew, who is the successor of my elder brother, was standing amid the furrows at the extremity of the village with his second daughter in his arms, watching for the arrival of my train.

On my arrival the remains were to be placed in a coffin. I brushed my clothes, went into the room where the dead was laid, sat near the pillow placed toward the north, and muttered a prayer. The widow of my deceased brother, who was sitting opposite me, took off a piece of white cloth so that I might say farewell to my mother. A peaceful but lonely Nirvana played about my mother's face. I thought to myself that the image of my dead mother was better for me to look upon than her living face had been.

I slept that night before the coffin by the side of a Buddhist priest, who was a nephew to my mother and my elder cousin. He is the abbot in charge of a Tendai temple five or six *ri* distant from my native village.

The funeral service was held the following morning. The preceding day having been exceptionally fine, I feared bad weather, and indeed about ten o'clock the sky became overcast and the air grew damp. When the abbot began to count his beads and to read the service, spring rain, like powder, poured down. I was not so attentive to the religious service as I was anxious about the rain, and kept looking at the moving clouds. When the priest finished reading the service, the rain suddenly stopped and blue sky broke through the gloomy clouds over our heads. The cemetery was not far away — only three or four *cho* distant. Immediately the interment service was over it began to rain drizzlingly, and toward evening it poured in torrents.

The festivals of the Bon, the New Year, and the patron saint had been the great delight of my boyhood; but of all of them the first was the happiest. I was not like other children, who were fondest of the New Year rejoicings.

As my family were farmers, we had plenty of straw to make ornaments for the New Year. It was customary for us to prepare for this observance toward the last week of December. When I was a little boy I took great pleasure in making New Year ornaments. I was also pleased with the ornamented house, the shelf consecrated to the gods being furnished with lights.

The Bon is generally observed in accordance with the lunar calendar, so the festival is always held on the day of the full moon of lunar July. Although the moon is serene to look at throughout all seasons, the full moon is seen at its best on a fine summer evening. The Bon was so dear to me during my boyhood probably because the beauty of the moon in a cool summer evening appealed to me.

Shoryo, or the spirit of the dead, was also dear to me. Cemeteries singularly suit my fancy. The remembrance of the spirits of my forefathers has a fascination for me. At every Bon memories of the dear past arise in me. The force of tender sentiment is irresistible. In the eyes of scientists the moon and the spirits of ancestors are in no way related, but whenever the Bon approaches I still feel the moon

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and the spirits of the departed are in some mysterious way associated. Though I am now in the prime of life, I still cling to this dreamy idea.

Of all noted poets, no other was such an admirer of the moon as Saigyo. He has expressed this as follows: —

A secret intuition makes us yearn
To join the moon sublime,
Nor can we say where our adoration ends:
As I watch her sink behind yon distant peak
I feel my soul drawn westward in her train.

This poet was formerly a samurai in the service of the Emperor, who forsook all worldly ambition to become a Buddhist priest. Saigyo was his religious name. It appears from his short poems that a journey to the west in Buddhist thought and the sinking of the moon in the west have some connection. Death is understood by Buddhists as meaning travel toward the west, where Paradise is imagined to exist. Literally, 'Saigyo' means 'going west' — hence he made it his name. How devout a believer he was is indicated by his religious name. The sight of the moon made him yearn for his sacred ideal.

During my childhood the festival of Tanabata, herald of the Bon, afforded me a charming amusement. The fête is celebrated in the evening of July 7. The crescent grows in its arc till it is the full moon at the Bon. At those times my mother was in the habit of taking out the *bustidan*, the ceremonial apparatus for a Buddhist service. A small household Buddhist temple was erected, and the brass cylinder lanterns and candlesticks, representing cranes poised on the backs of turtles, were polished bright. She poured tea water into a metal basin to cleanse the ancestral tablets, and told us the history of the various characters.

On the evening of the thirteenth — that is, three days previous to the Bon — birch bark is burned in order to welcome the supposed return of the spirits. This is called *Omukae*, or a welcome. The ancestral tombstones are cleaned, and the sand around them is also cleaned, or fresh clean sand is scattered around them. Fresh green bamboo is made into vases for beautiful flowers to decorate the tombstones. To confess honestly, I was more pleased with the festival itself than with recalling my ancestors to my memory. Toward the evening of the thirteenth of the month my mother would burn the fire of welcome and pour vegetable oil into flat basins with which to furnish the miniature family temple with lights. She also offered presents before the ancestral cenotaphs, counting her beads, muttering the prayer of *Namuamidabutsu*, calling the religious names of ancestors by turns, and greeting them as if they were still in this life. Then she would turn to me, saying that our ancestors had come back from very, very far off places distant beyond our imagination.

Eggplant, cucumbers, and watermelons fresh from the fields formed the major portion of the presents on the altar. Lotus blossoms were also presented if they could be had easily. It has been the custom of my native village for each family to prepare *udon*, or Japanese macaroni, to offer as a present at the altar. Whenever villagers hold religious ceremonies or services in celebration of their ancestral spirits, macaroni is an indispensable offering. Flat, extended macaroni is made into slender strings to hang upon the ancestral cenotaphs piece by piece. My mother called these strings cords for the ancestors to tie up their bundles.

'How busy the ancestral spirits must be to come and see us on the thirteenth and to leave for their bodies in the Paradise of the West on the following day,' everyone remarked.

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One of the most exquisite amusements of the Bon is to let loose dedicatory lanterns on the streams, which ceremony is called *toronagashi*. The dialect of my native province does not call it toronagashi, but it is known as *bonokuri*, or 'seeing off the ancestral spirits.' It is also customary for bonokuri to make small boats of straw, but families with old ancestral spirits do not make such boats; as a rule, they make round small bales of straw to put presents in and to keep little torches or candles burning. Families which have had a death lately make such boats of varied workmanship with which to console the spirits of their ancestors. If they intend to make boats of a large size, they must call in the help of their neighbors. The sails are mostly made of dried gourds, upon which are hung scarlet lanterns. The boats are sometimes so big that they must be carried by three or four men, and so strongly built that they can sustain the weight of one man.

The fifteenth of the month, which is the last day of the Bon, is therefore the busiest, because it is then that the families prepare to bid Godspeed to the ancestral spirits departing for their home in the other world.

The subject of conversation in every household is the size of each family's boat, or its workmanship. Toward dusk children go round from door to door to see the boats. They regard it as one of their amusements. At dead of night men carry the boats to a brook or stream hard by and let them loose on the current. Even now I recollect that I was overwhelmed by a lonesome feeling for some days after the Bon, and that recollection is very dear to me. I was a lad at home when the anniversary for my grandmother, who had passed away nearly forty years before that time, occurred.

Bon Odori is one of the necessary accompaniments of the Bon service, so every family which has a soul who has departed from this world lately must have a dance in front of its house, to console those who have gone. Young damsels and children go round from door to door dancing, in order to soothe the recently departed spirits.

Bon Odori is still as dear to me as it was during my boyhood. For the past three decades it has been my habit to visit my native village regularly, but it has been my ill luck never to be there on Bon Odori. The Odori has a tune peculiar to it. At first the dancers hum that tune. When the rhythm of their voices is in perfect unison, they start dancing and sing songs of various descriptions. They are mostly from Joruri, but tunes other than *gidayu* are preferred.

The full moon of lunar July 15 hangs high overhead, shedding its serene light upon the dancers. The noise of their *getas* makes a melodious sound. Thus, rustic though the Odori is, it is replete with the varied features of rural life. My memory naturally reverts to bygone days. I am overwhelmed by memories. The rustic tune and the songs of Joruri recall the days of thirty or forty years ago, and the image of my mother on the Bon Odori, under the glorious full moon, comes back more vividly than when she was alive.

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BERNHARD BERENSON[1]

BY LOUIS GILLET

SINCE the death of Morelli, Mr. Bernhard Berenson is the greatest *connaisseur* of Italian art. I purposely use this old word, which is unfortunately being replaced by a more ambitious term. It signified that a person had knowledge and good taste, knew what he was talking about, and perceived his own relation to those matters. I do not believe that Mr. Berenson asks for higher praise. For a good forty years he has lived in Italy, and there is not a province, not an obscure corner, not an Apennine village with some church fresco in its wall between Friuli and Sicily, which this assiduous pilgrim has not visited with his devotions. On top of this, he knows the museums and collections in both Europe and America better than anybody else in the world.

The first time I met him was on the deck of the 'Provence,' headed for New York, where the author of *Italian Painters* was going to examine various new additions to the art galleries in his own country. He never failed to make this voyage every two or three years. When he studied a subject he never hesitated to take the train from Berlin to London or from Warsaw to Madrid to get closer to it or to verify it in some way. As for the treasures of private collections, however jealously guarded, they held no secrets for him. Who can say that he knows Titian if he has not seen the marvels of Bridgewater House and Giorgione, if he has not stood wrapt in dreams before his 'Tempesta' in the Giovanelli Palace? Who really understands the charm of Sienese paintings who has not seen Sassetta's little panels of the life of Saint Francis of Assisi belonging to the lamented Emmanuel Chalandon in an hotel of the old Rue de Bourgogne?

For the last twenty years Mr. Berenson has installed himself just outside of Florence in the delightful Settignano countryside, among smiling hills looking out on this eternally adolescent horizon. It is impossible not to dwell on the Italian charm of this ravishing dwelling-place, which has been given the singular name of *i Tatti*, which I am told is the familiar diminutive of a Christian name of one of its old proprietors. It is a simple square structure two stories high, quite unpretentious — one of those *settecento* houses built at the time when Italian style was almost frugal. Its only ornament is its delicacy and the elegance of its proportions. It is one of those houses to which one is tempted to apply Michelangelo's description of the church at Carnacco, which he called 'the beautiful peasant woman.' There is no ostentation or display. We see a flat-tiled roof, like a gardener's hat, and a façade, scarcely more than a peaceful kind of face, looking out on this garden which owes all its beauty to the slope of the terraces that it overlooks and to the orderly arrangement of everything below, where the valley slopes away and hills rise up further in the distance with divine lightness, skipping ever like young sheep.

[1] From *La Revue de Genève* (Swiss political and literary monthly), *September*

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The interior is full of that peace that the Italian house of to-day inherits from the old-fashioned villa with its atmosphere of a cloister. There is no *capharnaüm*, no trace of bric-a-brac — simply a few fine tables, each set apart, arranged the whole length of corridors. These represent golden minutes in their owner's existence.

I should like to depict him in his splendid library, the most beautiful of its kind, in the midst of his books and his thousands of photographs, in this empire which he shares with the most devout and enlightened of collaborators, Mrs. Berenson, so well known too under the name of Mary Logan — she is the sister of that impeccable stylist who wrote *Trivia*. There her husband writes and spends half of his life correcting notes, classifying and revising his judgments, talking, receiving his friends. He travels the rest of the year, appearing at regular intervals in Rome, Vienna, Cairo, Constantinople, and almost every year in Paris and London during autumn or spring.

Once upon a time he was a young American in love with Italy. It is true that he loved it without ever having seen it, just as knights in books become devoted to an unknown beauty simply through hearing of her reputation. He was a pupil of William James, the author of those famous studies in *Principles of Psychology*. And, in truth, the Italy that he loved was only a dream. It was the world of his desires, seen through the eyes of his adored masters, Walter Pater and Matthew Arnold, those English Parnassians who paid homage to Italy's cult of beauty during the height of Victorian bourgeois conventionality. There is an Italy of poets that plays a rôle in Northern literature which we never see in our Latinized countries. In those parts of the world they need to feel the contrast between themselves and a land of romantic dreams and youthful pleasures. Goethe's Mignon is such a creation, wild, with streaming hair and bare feet, leading the poet like a fantastic homesick Antigone, an ardent, sad child singing his song. It is the Italy of Childe Harold, of Keats and Shelley. What destiny urged these two swans to leave their silver island and die in the country of Horace and Vergil? That homesickness reaches far back, that desire to escape. The greatest English poets felt it. Shakespeare put this charming fever into his work, and he created an Italy of his own, the scene of the most beautiful love stories, an Italy of the heart, a kingdom of sorrow, voluptuousness and fancy, where Beatrice, Jessica, Juliet, and Desdemona live forever.

The young American developed his dream in this atmosphere, and to him too came the call of the siren in a voice that spoke to him sweetly of beauty and inspired him with disgust for vulgar interests. While a young man, he had decided that he would not be one of those unfortunates who waste their days in getting rich, and that at all costs he would lead a noble life of the spirit. In 1885 he escaped to Paris. The two years that he passed there were decisive. It is impossible to describe the baseness of our country during that period of humiliation. Defeated, France took her revenge — conquered, she achieved the spiritual conquest of the world. The old sage, Renan, was the oracle of Europe, and made the majesty of intelligence respected from his chair in Hebrew at the Collège de France. The young foreigner was intoxicated by his courses. In the Louvre this young man found the residue of centuries, the rarest treasures in the world, and with the masterpieces of Greece and Italy before him art touched his heart and opened his eyes.

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He saw many other things, the same things that were enchanting at almost the same moment the illustrious George Moore, the inimitable author of the *Confessions of a Young Man*. He arrived in time to take part in this extraordinary spectacle of the creation of an art and a complete renovation of his customary way of looking at things. In certain ateliers and artistic circles prodigious work was under way. Corot and Manet were about to die, but Degas, Claude Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, were every day inventing new formulas, laying down more and more audacious lines of research, dissociating form and tone, breaking conventions of design and color, subject and composition, and apparently changing the fixity and certitude, the stuff and substance, of the way people were used to looking at the world. With these bold masters things were seen only under new lights; but their powerful pieces of visual analysis were no sooner achieved than other painters began to do exactly the opposite thing. Cézanne, Georges Seurat, Gauguin, and others began to recompose what impressionism had decomposed. Apart from all these groups, Puvis de Chavannes brought to life old legends in fresco, and Carrière depicted the human tenderness of the world within, while Rodin in sculpture seemed a second Donatello. I do not know whether our traveler took all this in at once, but it came back to him later, when he was in Florence. Clearly Degas had given him the artistic key of a Pollajuolo.

Thus equipped, he thought that he was ripe for the journey that he had promised himself for so long, and at the age of twenty-three he set out for Italy. To enjoy it as much as possible, he made the journey on foot, like pilgrims of an earlier day. He wanted to approach his mistress slowly, to see her from afar, to enter step by step into her atmosphere and her friendship. Thus he arrived at Venice, and remained there for two months. But it was a disappointment. He had dreamed too much, and no longer recognized his dreams. He had no very clear idea of what he wanted, and found himself a little lost when he arrived in the regions of his imaginings. Passionate and cerebral, the child of poets and philosophy, he cultivated all these fevers, ideas, and sensations at once, and his ideal was to unite them. He dreamed of formulating a universal theory of criticism, a general system that could be applied to all products of the human spirit, and at the same time he tried his hand at poetry and novel-writing. In a word, he was a very restless, presumptuous young man. Suffering from both pride and humility, discontented with himself, doing nothing worth while, and seeking to escape from his distress by means of new emotions and experiences, his state of mind led him from Venice to Greece, then to Berlin, and on to Madrid. Before he was twenty-five he had already embraced almost the whole history of art, without following any method, but only his impulses, and he recognized that this was to be his domain.

He spent three years more in the same way, and it was not until 1893 that he wrote *Painters of Venice*, the first of his four books; the last, on painters of Northern Italy, did not appear until 1908. To-day Mr. Berenson is quite severe on his first work; he does not recognize himself in this essay written at the age of twenty-eight. I agree that there are marks of youthfulness about it, but they are not without charm, and the author's doctrines can only be weakly perceived. They become more solidified in the second volume, on Florentine painters, which appeared in 1895. But from the first essay to the last I enjoy Mr. Beren-

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son's elegance, style, conciseness, and his direct psychological method, his way of understanding a work of art and defining it as a rapport between the artist and the soul of the spectator.

This was a great novelty. At the end of the last century, when Mr. Berenson began to reflect and write, there were only two methods of studying art — the Hegelian style, propagated by Germans, whose principal apostle was Taine, and the chartist method, followed by scholars of the school of Rumohr, Gaye, and Milanesi, which fortified all judgment with applications of texts of the period. The devotees of the first method pretended to explain everything by a general covering of the subject. Before speaking of the picture they described its surroundings, its race, its moment. They made an enormous circuit and learnedly exhausted everything they knew about the subject, after which they declared that the problem was solved, although they may not have said a word about it. What is there to be said for a method which places a painting by starting on a trip around the world, which demands to know everything and insists that the critic be as wise as God himself? If Venice explains Titian, why was there only one Titian at Venice? The second method, apparently more modest, ignores these metaphysical questions, and replies by digging up copies of lawsuits, birth and death certificates, contracts, dates, and signatures. It feels that it is more positive, and is in reality as far away from the subject as the other. Both are the refuge of blind men, and one can practise them without ever looking at a picture.

In Mr. Berenson's case one preoccupation dominated all others. It was the problem of art, the problem of its nature and its particular functioning. This functioning, to speak only of plastic arts, seemed to him to play an immense rôle in life. He had defined man as an artistic animal — that is to say, the only living creature that has built up a system of representations, a universe of images, a world independent of reality, a mass of plastic creations, that are called art.

This phenomenon, similar to the creations of language, plays a scarcely less important part in our lives. Who knows to how great a degree we are capable of seeing in the world anything but a disordered series of occurrences? If it were not for the unconscious recollections of a hundred works of art, life would be an incoherent dream, a distressing nightmare. Works of art suggest something calm, rhythmical, and restful. Who knows how much our view of a countryside is not unconsciously formed by the views of artists? Should we see mere trees if Corot had not got up early to see them? Should we be able to distinguish different people's features if the portrait painters of the Renaissance had not shown us how to decipher characters and construct a face? The proof of this is easy. Simple people, sailors, and soldiers who travel in foreign countries, uneducated in the eye and spirit, see nothing. They have not become accustomed to forming an æsthetic image of things. There is nothing more common than to encounter people who have been to China and see no difference there. As for Negroes and the so-called savages which we ordinarily think of as primitive, they are, on the other hand, 'old-fashioned gentlemen,' as the painter John La Farge once said to Paul Bourget. Their souls are muscle-bound, they are confined in their habits, fetishes, and taboos. Their art is just the opposite of naïveté. It has none of the freshness of childhood, but represents only routine and decadence. It is not youth, it is decrepitude.

The rôle of art is so important to us

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that we can hardly be said to have an existence apart from it. How powerful is its influence on the idea that we make to ourselves of beauty! What a part it has played in the shaping of our religious sentiment! It has often been shown that art is the expression of the ideas of an epoch. It is much more true to say that art creates these ideas. This recalls Whistler's joke to a friend who was looking at a twilight on the Thames and said, 'It looks like one of your pictures.' 'Yes,' replied the painter, 'nature is beginning to notice me.' This statement contains a great deal of truth. Life imitates art more than art imitates life.

This important and frequently misunderstood fact was just the thing to exercise a disciple of William James. Mr. Berenson began by putting the terms of the problem the other way. Far from attempting to explain art by outside causes and making it the product of its time, he considered it the original element, an independent factor that is subject to special conditions and laws and that influences ideas more than they influence it. He considers it far more a cause than an effect, and in the first of his books one rarely runs into allusions to contemporary events, to historical narratives, moral or economic considerations, or to all that picturesque history borrowed from memoirs of the time that made up nearly all of Taine's criticism and filtered down through him to innumerable imitators. The artistic fact is sufficient to itself. It develops of its own accord, with scarcely an accident, without any interventions from outside, like the proof of a theorem. What is the nature of this fact? What does it consist of? How can it be recognized? In what way does it affect our soul? To answer these questions is the object of Mr. Berenson's work. The history of art offers him the same subject that he felt when he arrived in Venice, so eager for both imaginings and ideas.

But of all art the history of the Italian Renaissance offers the critic the most definite field of complete development. Even Greek art, in spite of its superiority, is not so good an example. For one thing, it is further away from us. Many masterpieces are lacking, or are known to us only in imitations. Mediæval French art is only just beginning to be explored, and it is surrounded with anonymousness; the lack of any system of chronology makes it difficult for us to become interested.

And though Flanders, Spain, Holland, all have their moments of genius, none of them offers anything much from the intellectual point of view. Rembrandt, Vermeer, Rubens, and Velásquez exhaust in themselves all that their country has to say. What surrounds them, and especially what follows them, do not count. Desultory masterpieces of an El Greco or a Goya astound us, but they do not constitute a school.

On the other hand, the three centuries of the Italian Renaissance, from 1275 to 1575, offer a homogeneous development, a complete phenomenon. Since the time of Giotto, when the art of the painter was put in its right place in the frescoes of Assisi, until Michelangelo's prodigious effects in the Sistine Chapel, right up to the moment when his pupils fell back in their turn to mediocrity and conventionality, for six generations one idea evolved and explained itself, developed in its own way like a living organism rigorously following a definite principle. There is not a flaw or a halt in this process of creation; not a link is missing in the chain. Each generation adds to the one that went before its contribution and leaves it to the following one, which in its turn will provide further enrichment. It is as if one atelier were occu-

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pied by father and son successively, all engaged on a single masterpiece.

The secret of this work was that it elaborated a language and grammar of form. The period was occupied in creating through the arts of design a series of representations, more eloquent than the things themselves, acting on our senses more strongly than physical objects, transmitting to us clearer and more lively impressions than our ordinary sensibilities are capable of. Pascal's statement about the vanity of painting because 'it made one admire copies more than originals' would be just only if art were photography. But it is something quite different from reproduction; at the very least, the reality that it reproduces is of an interior sort. It is the world of Titian, Raphael, Correggio, the spectacle of their dreams, the universe of their feelings, their desires, and their thoughts. It is something that we should have no idea of were it not that these masters bore witness so eloquently.

Let us be exact. A painter has to reconstruct form — and especially the human form, which is the most interesting of all — in such a way that a surface of two dimensions gives the idea of the third. In other words, he has to obtain with painting the effects of a bas-relief. It is what Rodin called the feeling for depth. Preoccupation with the model and the form was the leitmotif of Florentine painting, and was the chief problem to which the whole school devoted itself. We have to find the signs and values that the painter is depicting, that sow the seed of his idea into the soul of his spectator, obliging him to form a physical image as the painter does. That is what Mr. Berenson means when he speaks of tactile values.

This ingenious point of view is based on psychological observation. Mr. Berenson imagines that the spectator is half in the work of the painter. He becomes a kind of collaborator. According to him, a work of art is a kind of reservoir of energy discharging itself into our nervous system, exciting our activity and putting us into a state of mind that the artist wishes to express. We enjoy a vigor and a feeling of superior sensibility without any expense of effort, and this exercise of unused faculties is the greatest of all pleasures. For a moment we feel like Michelangelo — or, to be more exact, the artist through his picture enters our body and plays on it like an instrument. Somebody identifies us for a moment with what is represented, and these representations have their effect on us. Muscular ideas of strength, laziness, violence, or voluptuousness flow through us. We share the existence of these supermen. We find that we are of heroic mould. By virtue of these values of form, energy, rhythm, and coördinate movement that lay hold on us and stimulate our nervous centres, plucking them like harp strings, we pass through a series of motionless gymnastics, we share a dream, we are actors in it, and find ourselves endowed with qualities and virtues that we never suspected we possessed. In this way the Chinese delight in noiseless concerts in which the musicians move their bows over the strings without any noise and seem to play on their flutes, the audience being enchanted by the imaginary music of the pantomime.

This curious artistic mechanism, whose principles I have stated here, bears remarkable fruit, and in the first place one notes with surprise that it leads to a sort of indifference to beauty. That is because this convenient term escapes, as genius does, any kind of definition. It does not lend itself to analysis. Many admirable works are devoid of the sensual charm and seduc-

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tiveness that we usually call beauty. Mr. Berenson does not conceal his dislike of the simple arrangement of pretty oval faces of the Lombardy school. Luini, the old maids' favorite, occupies a sorry quarter of an hour, and is put far below Ambrogio Borgognone. And as for the literary content of a work of art, for what is called the subject, or the iconography, this he disdainfully designates 'illustration,' and attaches to it only secondary importance. It is clear that in his eyes this is one of the great weaknesses of the Renaissance art. This inheritance from the Middle Ages, this religious constraint that made artists subject to dogma and weighed them down with theological baggage, seems to him their greatest deficiency. It is this, according to him, which has prevented them from attaining the perfection of Greece. The Greek artist made his gods, and he made them appropriate to his art. Art was the raison d'être and the measure of religion. The Christian artist does not enjoy the same good fortune. Without arguing the matter, it can be said in reply that Christian art itself is largely inherited from Greek genius. The Hellenism of Antioch, Alexandria, and Byzantium survived intact until the dawn of the Renaissance. The Christ type is no less Greek than Apollo, and the scenes from the life of Jesus that surround Duccio's 'Maestà' at Siena are the children of Greek vases and frescoes.

In that ancient debate, almost as old as criticism itself, that tries to decide which Italian school of painting is best, the author of *Italian Painters* seems to take the side of Vasari, who gives the prize on almost every count to the Florentines. He was led to do this by the exigencies of his theory, for it is quite certain that during the hundred years from Masaccio to Michelangelo Florence led the procession. Italy owes Florence a debt for her creation of an artistic language.

I believe that Mr. Berenson will not contradict me when I say that there is no single artistic formula. When he speaks of the essence of art, one must give these words a relative significance. Is the importance of the subject so great that one should sacrifice everything to it, as they did in Florence, and make verisimilitude the sole criterion of beauty? Ingres hardly thought so when he said, 'I do not care whether it turns or not.' It seems that this is also what Mr. Berenson really believes, in spite of his theories, at the bottom of his heart. No one has spoken more tenderly of Simone Martini, of Matteo di Giovanni, and of that divine Sassetta whose marvelous work he is describing the more enthusiastically because his pictures are absolutely unreal and entirely devoid of any sense of tactile values. As the author gains wider experience and his horizons extend, as he penetrates the Far East, the tapestry of Persia, Chinese paintings, Ajanta frescoes, and the great Byzantine art whose grandeur we are only just beginning to be able to measure, the short three-century episode known as the Renaissance seems to loose a good deal of its importance. Perhaps this naturalism that it inculcated into Europe no longer seemed like such an enviable contribution. It may be that Europe has paid dear for this ardent curiosity, this spirit of progress that tossed aside all conventions. Who can say whether even the Titans of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel are to rank with the Pantocrates and the Panagias of the old mosaics at Palermo and Cefalu as far as majesty and superhuman expressiveness are concerned? And surely the former have far less decorative value. Once more it seems that mankind was wrong to eat of the fruit of knowledge, and that in ex-

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changing art for wisdom he made a bad bargain.

That is the point to which the author's latest reflections have led him, and to which he is trying to orient himself now. Like the author of *Divan*, this is the way he is going to crown his life work. I do not know, and he has not confided in me, what form the book that he is working on will take. I have seen him after a space of several years, coming back by preference to our old churches, to our ancient Burgundy, to Saintonge, to Provence and Languedoc. Twice in the last two years he has gone to Egypt. In that country they think that he is going to try to write a book unraveling the threads of early Christian art, that marvelous fabric on which both halves of the world collaborated like two workers devoted to the same task.

If this book is ever written, it will contain the last word and testament of the author's theories of criticism. The evening is the measure of the day. It is in this work of final maturity that we shall find whether he has confirmed or altered his conclusions of middle life.

CLAIRE FONTAINE

(From an Old French-Canadian Song)

BY ERNEST RHYS

[*Sunday Times*]

THERE runs a sky-clear stream,
And a maple tree grows there:
One day I stood beneath the branch,
And the cool wind stirred my hair.

And in that leafy house
Made by the maple tree
A little mating bird there was —
He sang most merrily.

I listened, and I said:
'My thoughts, O bird, are sad;
But thine are wing'd and light:
Sing, then, more wildly glad!'

And first he sang two notes,
And then he whistled three;
And when I left the sky-clear stream
I was as gay as he.

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MOTORS AND MOTORING IN ARABIA[1]

BY DOCTOR WOLFGANG VON WEISL

SUPERIOR people use a Dodge. The Ford is the lowest kind of car. It is like a donkey in cavalry. Any European riding in a Ford since 1925 has been 'out class.' Before that time he could be pardoned.

Nevertheless, this fact is true — a Ford can never be so bad that it cannot find a purchaser; and it goes — it goes well. I excavate from my storehouse of memory my recollections as an automobilist while I was in the capital of the Hejaz.

The Arabs had broken my car for me in an accident, and I sat in Ma'an waiting until the efforts of the mechanic who was there should put it to rights. At that moment a Ford, groaning under a load of six people, rolled past at about ten miles an hour, with its driver hanging out and shouting to me: 'Ten pounds! Ten pounds!'

I shouted back: 'Eight pounds!' My friend thought that the Arab wanted to sell me the car, but the fellow at the wheel shook his head and drove away still shouting his 'Ten pounds.' An hour later the Ford came by me again, with the same Arab hanging on to the running board, shouting: 'Ten pounds, eighty piastres!' An hour later he went by crying: 'Twelve pounds.' This raising of the price of a Ford was like the days of Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, that earlier inhabitant of the Hejaz. The owner sat on the edge of the car and his assistant on the running board. A man with a sheet of paper was near the chauffeur, and the salesman jumped down to the ground to continue his bargaining. The automobile made the rounds of the oasis until sunset — a proof, the salesman said, of its dependability. At last I beat the price of the rattletrap down to about three hundred marks, and was later furious that I had not bought it simply because it had seemed too poor. For my own machine did not get repaired quickly, and on the next day I had to continue my journey to Akaba in another miserable Ford without lights, one that would go only thirty kilometres an hour, with broken springs and all the other indications of long service in the desert, and for three days' use I had to pay twelve pounds. From this the reader may gather that it is well not to buy a Ford at all if he would be elegant, but that it is at least better to buy than to hire one.

Good for Turkey, the Hejaz, and the Transjordanian provinces. If you come to a river or an empty river-bed and there is a bridge over the water, this bridge is a sign that there is a ford there. By going near the bridge or under it, nothing will happen to you, but do not use the bridge as a Hungarian friend of mine did.

'Listen what happened to me when my chauffeur went over the bridge itself. We were going home yesterday, and came to a river. There was a bridge there. The driver went over it, and lo and behold, the whole thing crashed and we fell into the water.'

The best roads that I have traversed

[1] From the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Liberal daily), *September* 12

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are in Palestine and in the mountains of Lebanon near Beirut. Tel Aviv in Palestine has beautifully laid out streets, better than many of the asphalt ones in Cairo, which suffer from the heat in summer. The streets of Jaffa are wider, and laid out with a new kind of asphalt that is quite dustless; it is a pleasure to ride on them. The roads through the mountains in Judea, Galilee, and Samaria are just as good.

But the worst roads are in Anatolia and West Kurdistan (O Lord, how painful their memory is to my tires!), and in the Hejaz. The adventurous traveler who goes through the desert to the East finds no roads at all from Amman east and south.

For fifty to a hundred kilometres the desert extends, absolutely flat, without hills or valleys. Its surface is hard, composed of pebbles and light sand. On all sides the horizon is clear, and one can look in three directions without seeing a man or a beast. In crossing this, the automobile does not roll or glide — it simply progresses. This mightiest road in the world has no stopping-places on it, no corners, no signals or slopes. You set your course by compass and sun, free as the air. There is nothing like the liberty of the desert for an automobilist. The clear, clean wind blows over face and hair and lays hold on you and your motor with all its strength. On the distant horizon rocks or dunes appear; boulders sometimes cut the even level of the land, and if you have a breakdown a ten-mile-an-hour char-à-bancs ride will pay for your ecstasy in the open.

Freedom, I am thinking of you! But the automobilist had better not look for you in the countries under British or French mandates. First and foremost, comfort yourself, brothers in foreign lands, comfort yourself — there are traffic policemen even here. And what traffic policemen they are! In Jerusalem, with its seventy-five thousand inhabitants, they feel that they cannot get along with less than twelve traffic policemen; and even when you come to cities like Hebron or Nablus, with less than twenty thousand inhabitants, traffic is directed so that it does not stall; and if a bespectacled policemen in Nazareth holds you up with his hand, giving you permission to go or to stop, it is incredibly comical. They are extremely strict about automobiles. If your baggage on the running board sticks out one finger's breadth, you are immediately fined a hundred marks; and if more than one person sits on the front seat with the chauffeur, you are likewise fined a hundred marks. If an automobile stops on the wrong side of the street, another fine. In brief, the Holy Land is no paradise for an automobilist.

But the Orient has one great superiority over Europe — there is no need for garages. It is never so cold that the motor needs to be protected, and it can stand day and night outdoors. It rains at most only eighty days in the year, and that in the six months between October and March. So you can take comfort in the thought that wherever you are there is no need for garages.

But the chauffeurs — oh, oh, o-o-oh!! For the worst, stupidest, and most impossible chauffeurs, give me the Turks. In all humility, I know them too well. For the most reckless, and for as inefficient mechanics as the Turks, give me the Armenians. My only serious mishap in four years was when an Armenian chauffeur drove an automobile off a bridge into a stream. Arabs are daring, cold-blooded, and able. They drive as if the steering wheel were a horse's reins. Their tempo is a gallop. But within a year at the outside they can destroy the best automobile in the world — that is the other side of the

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coin. They generally go downhill at increased speed and do not use their brakes. They never slow up for little hollows and ruts, and the heart of the chauffeur laughs aloud if the machine can make such speed that the passenger bounces on the seat.

In Jebel Druz the rebels wanted to make a street impassable for automobiles, so they dug a trough a foot and a half deep across the road. My chauffeur noticed this at the last minute, stepped on the gas to increase his already crazy speed, and leaped over the trough so that he could show the native chieftains who were my guests what a bold fellow he was.

Jews are the best chauffeurs in the Orient. They drive as daringly as the Arabs, but they take care of the machines better, and are good mechanics. They know more about their jobs than the Arabs, and, what is more important still, they can read maps and speak every language in the world. For that reason they cost a quarter or a third more than the Arabs. They are always ready for a long journey. To them an automobile is more than a momentary occupation, whereas the Arab thinks only of the tires and never of the car itself. However, when I must make a real journey, I always have the same chauffeur, and for the adventurous trip from Bagdad to Beirut he must be a Druse. He is the ideal traveler — strong, big, always level-headed, friendly and pliant. He never laughs or drinks — his religion forbids the last. He is foresighted and steadfast. We once traveled thirty-two hours without a stop worth mentioning, when about a hundred Arabs seized my machine because they thought that I and my companions were English officers. The Druse, with the help of his brother and a friend, drove them away, although we were outnumbered by twenty to one.

Three days later this Druse came timidly to my room and said that his brother wanted to talk to me if I would be good enough to go to see him.

I went. Said Hamadi, as his brother was called, was a powerful fellow, with a curling black moustache, flashing eyes, and white teeth, and he was a first lieutenant in the army of His Majesty the King of the Hejaz. He awaited me in full dress uniform.

'By Allah, Doctor, I love you. You are different from the other Europeans. You came to us without credentials and military display. You are one of us; you drink with us, and sleep on the ground in the open air; and you do not fear the Bedouins, those sons of dogs, no matter how many of them there are. I love you, and, if you are willing, let us be brothers. My house shall be your house, and your house mine. My money is yours, and my friends yours, and my brothers your brothers. If you are in danger I will come to you when you call me, and if I am in danger you will come to my aid. We will be brothers, born of one mother.'

I thanked him, and said that I would never forget that he had saved my life. His friendship was dear to me, I assured him, and his house should be my house, and my house his. His friends should be mine and my friends his, and we would be like brothers born of one mother.

And we kissed each other on the mouth and cheeks.

If you ever need a chauffeur, gentlemen, I recommend to you Hassan ed Dursi. He does not drink or smoke; he can hit the ace of spades at eighty paces with his rifle. A wonderful chauffeur, the brother of my brother Said Hamadi.

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A JOURNEY IN ABYSSINIA. VI[1]

BY JEAN D'ESME

FARA-ALI was right. For more than a month we wandered across the Arussi Mountains without running into the game that our guides promised us from day to day. Adventures and misadventures of every sort befell us. We climbed the steep slopes of the Gu-gu by zigzag creepers that grew along enormous rocks, in whose great crevices several of our animals were lost, and at last set foot on the central plateau, three thousand metres high, where live the Nyalas, for whom we were looking. This ascent, lasting three days, left a terrible memory behind it. Mules had slid down the steep rocks on all four feet, or rolled with their loads to the bottom of precipices. By a miracle they were not killed, and nothing was even broken.

Our halting places were irregular, and our method of procedure lacked order, though we tried hard to make it regular. The men became more and more rebellious and insubordinate every day. They kept asking to stop and rest, which we badly needed to do.

Unwilling to confine ourselves to our tent, whose walls shook in the wind, we resumed our journey after three days, having seen only two Nyala women, three gazelles, and half a dozen *gorezza*. For three weeks more we took up the burden of travel, being continually assailed by the indiscreet and often insolent curiosity of natives who appeared mysteriously out of the jungle. One day we were surrounded by a troop of them, shouting and gesticulating, waving lances and javelins, and had to threaten their chieftain with our revolvers and make our men take up arms. The savages shouted superstitious, hostile cries at us as we wandered among the mountains, resting only when we ran into the few Europeans who had established themselves there like babes in the wood.

Of all these strange receptions in the heart of the jungle, we remember one that time will never efface from our minds.

Having arrived at our halting place in the late afternoon, we had pitched our camp at the end of the Tchollé plateau, which sticks out among the green valleys like the prow of an enormous ship and dominates the surrounding country from a height of five or six hundred yards. Plantations at the foot of steep cliffs were all around us. At night we gathered in our tents and ate dinner. Lighted torches were placed about the table on camera tripods. Suddenly behind my back I heard a voice say, 'Good evening, gentlemen.'

Turning quickly around, we were stupefied to behold a strange man of just about our color, in the company of one of our guides. He was tall and thin, with an energetic, deeply lined face, and he bowed, smiling suavely, amused at our astonishment. His rolled-up shirt-sleeves revealed rough, hairy arms, and he wore a collar of undyed wool, and heavy boots. His head was bare, and he was leaning on a lance.

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *September* 16, 20

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Stepping toward us while we got up to greet him, he shook hands all round and presented himself. 'Ernest B——, colonist and cabinetmaker.' We looked at each other more surprised than ever. Colonist perhaps, but a cabinetmaker in Tchollé, in the heart of this wild country two hundred kilometres or twelve days distant from any centre of civilization? What kind of cabinetmaker was this?

Sitting down, Mr. Ernest B—— gave a shout, and a second person appeared out of the darkness, and in his turn entered our little circle of light. 'Mr. Oswald T——, a young Austrian student from Vienna.'

Thus we were presented, and our astonishment grew. Mr. B—— did not appear to notice it. With charming simplicity, he refused to take part of our meal, having already dined. 'My house is near, only ten minutes away. I learned that some Europeans had arrived and were going to camp, so here I am. Can I help you?'

At our request he gave us some information about our future line of march. 'The best thing you can do,' he said, 'is to let me serve as your guide. I have business down below, and will take you myself. Don't thank me; it is only a four-hour walk. Or, better still, why don't you come and take breakfast with me to-morrow before you leave. It is very near — ten minutes on foot, a quarter of an hour at the outside.'

At six o'clock the next day we entered the domain of Mr. Ernest B——, a narrow bit of land at the bottom of a ravine, flanked with thick vegetation, creepers, trees, and ferns. On this territory our host's establishment formed a semicircular group, and it included piazzas, kitchens, and storehouses. The principal dwelling place had mud walls and a thatched roof close to the ground. On the walls were trophies of the chase. Inside were partitions of wood, and in the middle was a dining-room with two other rooms leading out of it. The rustic furniture built in Mr. Ernest B——'s shop was the fruit of his own ingenuity, and included a long table, laden with all kinds of victuals, boxes, trunks, and chests for benches, chairs, and stools fashioned from a single block of wood. There were even armchairs, with the bottom and back made out of antelope skin.

Jam, jars of cream, plates of biscuits and fruit, loaves of bread, cakes, and a brilliantly colored Russian salad, were laid out on the table. Our host was joyful, cordial, and friendly. He was amused at our surprise at his Gargantuan breakfast. 'One must live well,' he explained laughing. 'When I came here six years ago there was nothing. Nothing but a mass of vegetation. I tore down, planned, built up, cut, planted, constructed, and manufactured. There were hard times — black days and difficult years. The natives do not like to work much, and generally I had to do things by myself alone. Then, when my house was built, my wife came and joined me and we lived here. Now we have our chickens, cows, goats, and vegetable garden. At first jackals, hyenas, and leopards often visited us, preying on the vegetable garden, devastating the henhouse, taking off a goat and killing a cow from time to time.'

When the meal was over we took to our mules again and set out on the day's journey, guided by our friend. He cast a satisfied glance at his modest dwelling, just as a little landholder in France would look at his field and house. Here he lives in the heart of these wild Arussi mountains, thousands of miles from his native country, twelve days by forced marches from all aid and civilization, alone at the bottom of this ravine, this tiny crevice in the three-

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thousand-foot Gu-gu chain, here in the heart of remote and barbarous Ethiopia!

We visited the European colonists that he supplied with furniture, and stayed at the Catholic Mission at Ourarragou, consisting of a chapel, a dormitory, a garden, some fruit trees, fifty faithful natives, and two stoical Capuchins. Then we visited the Gollolcha plantation, run by eight or ten Belgians, who by superhuman labor have transformed an immense uncultivated valley into magnificent farming country.

In this way we passed thirty-two days in the Galla country, with various mishaps and lucky encounters, and finally were making our way across the Daukali Desert. At Wache, where we paused to recondition our exhausted caravan, we slept in a real bed, ate off china, and drank out of glasses. We again saw the light of lamps and enjoyed the luxury of a hot bath in a tub — things that for more than a month we had almost forgotten.

After two days of work from dawn to nightfall, we got everything in order and were ready to take up the road again. Our caravan's aspect had changed. We had only thirty mules left, but had added three camels, who caused any amount of trouble and confusion for a few days. Whenever we arrived or broke camp our camels filled the place with furious bellows and desperate snorts. Our human personnel was also increased: to the forty men that we had started with we had added Ato Zaffara and his thirty Sudanese followers, and Denen and Issé, our two Somali chieftains, joined us with five or six of their subjects. Our troop wound along the long paths through the plains by which Fantalle raises its dry, yellow sugar-loaf of a peak. When we pitched camp, our canvas village became a little fortified city, with armed guards walking about it during the day and sentinels protecting its four corners at night.

One episode detaches itself from the month of breathless, frenzied hunting. We had marched all morning, crossing stony plateaus and wading across a vast marsh, dried up and irregular, where saltpetre shone in little silver patches around groups of palms, through which antelopes and hairless gazelles fled in groups.

At eleven o'clock we reached Moia-Hami (Hot Waters), the favorite stamping ground for big heavy water bucks. We pitched our tents in the shade near a sandy path along which hundreds of bleating, bellowing goats and camels had raised clouds of dust, looking for shelter. They were being shepherded by fierce, slender natives of Adal, with braided hair, greasy skins, and crude, hard faces, carrying lances in their hands.

After making a hasty lunch and preparing our guns, we selected our cartridges, with both steel-jacketed and explosive bullets, and put on our hunting clothes. Experience had taught me to simplify my costume to the extreme — a light hat of gray cloth, a flannel shirt, khaki shorts that left my legs bare, no socks or stockings, and plain sandals with woven soles on my feet. This convenient dress freed me from the worry of having my clothes catch in brambles. Around my neck I hung a pair of big field glasses, and about my waist I slung my cartridge belt, and in it a hunting knife sharp as a razor. In the pockets of my shirt were my *briquet*, my pipe and tobacco pouch. My servant carried a thermos bottle full of water flavored with coffee and stepped up with cognac.

It is two o'clock. Our personnel, consisting of a tracker, a pathfinder, and an extra servant who is to go back to camp in case we need a mule to carry our game home, are ready and waiting

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nervously for us, shaking with excitement.

Suddenly Fara-Ali rushes upon us and cries, 'Hurry up — it 'll be too late.'

We jump out of our saddles and hastily follow him. Crouching on the ground behind a hummock, he holds up his hand and whispers, 'There, in that grass! Water bucks!' Creeping up beside him, we survey the scene. We are leaning on a low bank beyond which extends an immense field covered with tall grass and flanked on three sides by a wall of trees. Far away in the grass we can just distinguish a few red splotches that are impossible to identify even through our glasses. Fara-Ali counts them in a harsh voice: 'One, six, nine, twelve water bucks. There, straight ahead in line with that tall tree — more to the right, about two hundred paces. See them? Five more animals.'

We gaze at the places he indicates in vain, and concentrate all our eyes and glasses on the spot that he designates, but all we can make out is a confused mass of red objects. Are they animals or rocks? We cannot tell.

Fara-Ali trembles with nervous indignation: 'What 's the matter? See that one there in the middle? Right in front of us twelve, to the left five.' His voice is tense with irritation. He shrugs his shoulders disdainfully, spits on the ground, and shows by his flashing, excited eyes how angry he is.

We creep nearer, and my shirt tears on the ground. My left knee hits a stone, bleeds, and swells up a little. A bramble has scratched my cheek from the eyebrow to the lip, and perspiration makes the wound tingle. However, we proceed, and I am only vaguely aware of all these inconveniences. Our quarry is three hundred yards in front of us. Two hundred and fifty. Two hundred.

The muffled voice of Fara-Ali whispers in my ears, 'Fire now. Fire!'

I stand up cautiously and look before me. The male water buck whom I have decided to shoot turns toward us, his nostrils extend, and he seems to throw out his chest. He takes a few steps, paws the ground, moves toward us, stops, throws out his chest again.

Yes, I must shoot: the animal is beginning to take notice; if I wait any longer he will flee, and the others will follow. I take a careful sight and fire. The noise deafens me, and the recoil of the gun nearly kills my shoulder. When I look in front of me again I see five animals bounding away in the tall grass. The male that I have shot is in the lead. We jump up and run after them, hopping wildly over branches, pushing our way through thickets, stumbling into unseen holes in the ground, getting up again, ever pursuing the animals as they make for the neighboring forest. The Somalis around me are screaming, their eyes popping out of their heads, and their faces contorted with excitement. 'Hit, hit!' cries Fara-Ali.

The male slows down and stops, while the rest of the group go into the woods and disappear. He turns toward us with his head erect, and I rise quickly, put my gun to my shoulder, and fire for the second time. He is only one hundred yards away. At my shot he leaps into the air, then flees in irregular leaps and disappears in the deep grass. 'Hit again!' cries Fara-Ali.

We set forth once more, slower this time, all five of us stretched out in a single line. We reach the place where we last saw the water buck, and find purple puddles on the stony ground, with grass all mussed up around them. Following the path of blood, we walk through shoulder-high grass, and proceed cautiously with our ears cocked and our eyes wide open. My gun is at my shoulder and my finger on the trigger, ready to shoot. The grass does not

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move, and no sound can be heard. For twenty or more yards we progress, and reach the edge of a kind of clearing, where we stop. Suddenly Fara-Ali nudges me, raises his hand, and whispers so low that I can barely hear what he is saying: 'There he is in front of us. There!'

Above the white tops of the grass I can just see the water buck's high horns motionless. I can barely make them out, and hesitate before shooting. For where shall I aim? What is the position of the animal? Furthermore, he is barely twenty yards away, concealed in this mass of vegetation just on the other side of the little clearing we have come upon.

For better or worse, I decide to aim just below his horns, where his chest ought to be but is concealed by a covering of grass. It is an exciting moment. The risk is unforeseen, and we have not had time to reflect on this danger, which we cope with mechanically, with an instantaneous reflex, acting simply on our instincts of self-preservation. There is a great commotion in the grass, and with a loud bellow the animal rushes out with his horns lowered and bounds into our little clearing. Fara-Ali cries at the top of his voice, 'Shoot, shoot!' And when I have shot, automatically, without reflection, without even understanding the danger, hardly able to see what is there, he still continues to cry in a nervous voice so loud that it cracks, 'Shoot, shoot!' The animal falls to the ground only a few paces in front of us.

There the creature lies before us, his feet kicking spasmodically, and we look at the enormous bloody corpse with three wounds in it — one in the withers, another in the flank, and the third in the head, from which a red stream is flowing. My Somalis, with their knives in their hands, have not moved. They had kept this position ever since we first saw the animal, and were prepared to throw themselves loyally forward in our defense. This was what the contract made before the French Minister, to which they had set their thumbs, had provided, and they had promised to defend us everywhere and always. Somali honor has vindicated itself to-day — their honor and their courage both. And now look at them, dancing around the animal, whose throat one of them has cut with his knife! The danger, the excitement, and the tension of the previous ten seconds, during which they would have thrown themselves between me and the animal, are entirely forgotten.

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HERO WORSHIP [1]

BY J. MURRAY ALLISON

I HAVE written elsewhere the story of Juan Belmonte, the matador of Seville — the idol of Andalusia. This is how José Fendanez, the guide, told it to me originally. First of all, let me tell you, if you want to get into the good graces of a Spaniard, ask him about bullfighting. If you have the good fortune to meet, as I did, one like José, who was himself a bullfighter, you will begin to understand that there is more in this bullfighting than meets the eye; and you will realize how futile are the efforts of the busybodies, Spanish and foreign, who propose to exterminate it.

'Well,' I said to José, 'take me, José, to the café where the bullfighters forgather' — or words to that effect.

'By gar,' said José, his eyes snapping. 'By gar, genelman, you lika de bullfight. By gar, I show you someting. Mr. José know all de bullfighters in Andaluse — de bullfighters dey know Mr. José. Ha! I show you someting.'

'Good,' said I, anxious to encourage an obvious enthusiasm. 'Are they big men?'

'Beeg!' replied José. 'Beeg! Some beeg, some lettle. Leetle fellers lika dat' — measuring off about five feet of my frame.

'Bombita,' I told him, 'Bombita is a fine big man.' (Bombita, by the way, is — or was, for he is getting on now — the great matador of Madrid.)

'Yes,' admitted José. 'Bombita, he is beeg, but Belmonte is leetle man; but wid de beeg, beeg heye. Belmonte, he look hat de bull in his heye, and dat bull he go frightened.'

'Belmonte?' I asked. 'Who is Belmonte? I have never heard of Belmonte.'

'Wat!' shouted José. 'You not never hear of Belmonte? I'll tell you someting. Dat Belmonte 'as one million dollar in de bank. Five year ago he just shift de muck in de river. Sleep hunder de bridges on Seville. Sleep on shavins — hunder de bridges. All day he just shift de muck on de cart. Now he got one million dollar in de bank. Yes, sir.'

'A million dollars!' I cried, astonished. 'A million dollars?'

'Two, tree million dollar he got hin de bank. De Queen of Spain, Queen Victoria — Englisse — she 'as tear in de heye when she see Belmonte pat on de nose of de bull. But bull he frighten of Belmonte's beeg heye. Dat bull he go dry in de mout', hon de lips of his mout', when he see Belmonte look at him in his heye. I tell you someting. In de time Belmonte shift de muck on de river, every morning Belmonte walk into de country, one, two, tree, four, five, sixa mile, to play wid de young bull. He go right hup and pat de bull on de cheek, — play wid de bull, — and de bull frightened wid de heye of Belmonte. One day de farmer, he breed de bull for de bullfight, he see Belmonte play wid de bull. He say, "By gar, dat man make de bull go dry in hees mout'."

'Dat farmer, hees name is Burgos. He breed de bull for de bullfighting. He goes hup to Belmonte and he say,

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), *September* 4

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'Hey — you go to kill de bull. Belmonte, tak' de sword — kill de bull on de top of hees neck." But Belmonte, he is so leetle feller, — he's wrong in hees chest, he is lika him die, he has no strong in hees leg, — go weak in hees leg when he see de bull; but hees big heye frighten de bull. He tak' his cap and hang him up on de horns of de bull, and dat bull he frightened of Belmonte. It mak' you cry — mak' you cry. Wan first day Belmonte come into de ring on Seville he keel six bull. First day he is matador — honly wan year, toreador. He is so weak in hees leg he can no run way from de bull, but dat bull he is fright'. Never have been seen what Belmonte does to de bull — pat de bull on his mout'. And Belmonte so leetle — he look he is starvin' an' thin — thin like starvin'. De King of Spain he go mad for Belmonte — and Queen Victoria give Belmonte hees medal hall full of diamond. Belmonte have five million dollar in de bank. De first ting he does when he kill de six bull and get de money, he go and take his two broders from de hospital — dey like starvin'. He got a good heart — beeg, beeg heart. Five year ago he just shift de muck on de river. Now he go to de Bull Ring in hees Roll-Roy car. But dat Belmonte 'e don' look very healthy. He look like starvin'. Five year ago he just shift de muck and sleep under de bridge on shavin'. Now he is Mister Belmonte — he has six million dollar in de bank.'

The above and more of it fell from the lips of my friend José in a torrent of words. A gramophone record of what he said would be worth its weight in gold. His eyes blazed as he talked. His features took on extraordinary shapes and he gesticulated wildly. He searched the recesses of his mind for words in which to clothe his thoughts, but the limitation of his English made it impossible for him, I thought, to do justice to his hero. Afterward I was sure of it, because upon the following day I met Belmonte himself, and he was all that José had said he was, and more. He was a slight creature — not more than five feet six. His body was not sturdy; it was frail. His head was out of proportion to the rest of his frame. His cheeks were hollow, and he had the look of an invalid. His features were rather those of the Arab than of the pure Spaniard. His lips were full; his chin was prominent. There was something in his face that reminded me of the Spanish Bourbons. His eyes were remarkable. I understood why the bull 'went dry in the mouth' when Belmonte engaged his attention. I have always imagined that the cold eye of the Northerner is the strongest eye there is. I mean strong in the sense of attention-compelling. But the black pools of Belmonte's eyes were difficult to 'get away from.' There was nothing intelligent about them. They did not appear to think about you as you gazed at them. They just stared at you. I made an attempt to sketch him — and while my pencil was busy the thought came to me, and still remains with me, that Belmonte's eyes were like the eyes of a bull; and that, I think, is the secret.

Before I allow José to take the floor again, I will tell you of one question I put to Belmonte, and of his answer. I asked José to ask Belmonte if he was ever frightened of the bull. José said, 'I dare not ask such a question.' I persuaded him. Belmonte's answer was, 'Always.'

'Surely,' said I to José, 'your friend Belmonte is not so famous as my friend Bombita.'

'Look 'ere, genelman,' replied José. 'You look 'ere. I tell you someting. My frien' Mr. Burgos, who breed de bull for de bullfightin', he bring sixa bull for Seville, an' Bombita, he come from Madrid to kill sixa bull. He mak'

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contract to keel sixa bull. Oh yes, sir — Bombita keel one, two, tree, four bull. Dey bring in five bull; an' dat bull he keel one, two, tree, four, five, six, seven, height, nine, ten, heleven horse. Dead — in de Bull Ring — dead: one, two, tree, four, five, six, seven, height, heleven horse. No wan never seen lika dat. Heleven horse. By gar, dat bull savage mad. He's got blood in hees heye. Bombita he come in de ring. Heverybody go dry in de lips on de mout'. Bombita he sees one, two, tree, four, five, six, seven, height, ten, heleven horse dead in de ring. By gar, when Bombita look at de bull, he say, "By gar, I no killa de bull. By gar," he say, "dat bull, he keel me — keel me." Dat bull, genelman, he don't go at de *capa*, and he go at de man — at de man; dat bull go at Bombita. He is mad, dat bull. He smell blood. He has kill one, two, tree, four, five, six, seven, height, ten, heleven horse. Bombita he look at de bull, and dat bull he look at Bombita. He 'as blood in his heye. "Ho, ho!" say Bombita, "I no keel dat bull — he keel me." And he give up hundred tousand pesetas. He sacrifice hundred tousand pesetas. Because he know dat bull no go for de *capa* — he go for Bombita. Bombita say, he says, "By gar, dat bull, he can read and write." Bombita say dat. "Dat bull he read and write. Read and write," he say. And he go hout from de ring. Heveryone go dry on de mout'. Dat bull, he has keel one, two, tree, four, five, six, seven, height, ten, heleven horse. Bombita, he say, "Shoot dat bull — shoot 'im. Dat bull, he's mad. Blood mad. Shoot 'im." Dat's what Bombita say.

'Mr. Burgos, he is hin dat place. It is hees bull; he 'as breed heem; and he say to de President, "Hey," he say, "dat my bull! I breed dat bull. If I tak' heem way he maka no more mad. He safe hees life. Dat bull come on de farm for de breedin'. Mak' some strong young bull for de bullfight." Dat's what Mr. Burgos say hout loud to de President. Hand de President, he say, "Hall right," he say; and Mr. Burgos, he put de finger on his mout' and give one whistle — and dat bull, sir, he put hees heye in de sky and like listen to de hangels — lika de hangels sing — *el canto*. Dat bull, he look roun', and Mr. Burgos, he make whistle, and dat bull, he goes hover to Mr. Burgos, and Mr. Burgos, he jump into de ring and take de bull by hees hear, and he say, "Wat does 'urt my nice lit' bull — who maka de blood from my pretty bull — my nica brave bull?" And de bull put hees face in de coat of Mr. Burgos, dat bull he is so please. Dat bull, he is all bleed, but no, he taka no notice — he know de speak of Mr. Burgos. He so happy. Mr. Burgos put hees han' on de bull's face and say heem soft to heem. Two of hees countryman who work on de farm of Mr. Burgos, dey ride on de back — and dat bull, all bleed, all blood. Hit don' hurt dat bull, he so happy. He walk hout of de ring wid Mr. Burgos, an' de countryman just pat, pat, pat de bull, and safe hees life for de breed; and Queen Victoria, she has tear hon her heye. Mr. Burgos, he taka back de bull to hees farm; an' Belmonte, he go hout to look on dat bull hall for breedin', de bull who mak' Bombita go dry on de mout' — an dat bull, when he look on de heye of Belmonte, he is frighten. Yes, sir, Belmonte slap dat bull hon his face. Yes, sir — yes, sir; hon hees face Belmonte slap heem.'

'José,' I admitted, 'Belmonte must be a very great man.' José's enthusiasm was about to give out through sheer exhaustion, and my interruption was intended to revive it.

'Hi'm so glad, sir, you say lika dat,' said José. 'Belmonte best man in Spain. When he come in Seville, back

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from Madrid, from de bullfight in Madrid, de band play at de railway station. Beeg band play for heem. But I tell you someting, sir,' continued José, with an air of dark admission: 'Belmonte is fright' of funeral. If he go to ring in hees Roll-Roy car and he see funeral, he go home — yes, sir, he turn hees Roll-Roy car roun' and he go home. He has de kind heart, ver' good — he don't like funeral. He speak very nice Andaluse — ver' soft. Dat Bombita, genelman, he bark when he speak, bark like a dog. Bark like a dog. Belmonte has seven million dollar in de bank. Seven million dollar. Seven million dollar in de bank. He has hees house in Seville an' in Madrid — he has got hees farm, where he watch de bull wid his heye. Look 'ere, sir, I tell you someting. He go to Peru on contrac' to keel one, two, tree, four, five, sixa, seven, height — twenty, forty bull. Hall signed contrac' — heighty tousand dollar he mak' — an' he starvin' — shifting muck on de river — five years ago sleep on shavin'. When he come back on Seville, no work can be done for one, two, tree, four, five, sixa, seven day. De priest come to see heem. De priest tak' hoff hees hat, put on de cap like you, an' when ver', ver' hot, de sun shinin' down hot lika beeg fire, de priest not tak' hoff hees cap for ashame of his bal' head. He no like to be see at de bullfight. But dat priest, he lika see Belmonte when he back from Peru. He take off hees hat an' put on hees cap, just like you, just like José. You see dat priest hees face run with the persprashe, an' the persprashe is run down hees face. He is hot on de sun. But dat priest he must see Belmonte, and he not tak' off hees cap, so heverybody see dat priest's bal' head, and Belmonte, dey tak' heem on deir harm and carry heem in de street an' laff and clap all han's and sing *el canto* — and make a beeg noise more better dan de King of Spain come on Seville, an' band play just like mad — mak' you cry — mak' you cry — and yes, sir, the firework, you know firework, off dey go — whizz — whizz. An' Queen Victoria she has tear on her heye when Belmonte come home from Peru.'

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INDIAN LIFE IN LA PAZ [1]

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

BY F. P. FARRAR

EVERY week-end the Indians flock into La Paz from the countryside to barter their wares against the products of the more civilized world. Commercially, there is more business done on a Saturday than upon any other day of the week; and awful disasters are predicted for the capital of Bolivia should the Indians ever decide to boycott the city and do their trading elsewhere.

Ethnologically and pictorially, it would be a yet greater loss if the Indian element were eliminated from the streets, or if the Indian and *cholo* modes of dress were ever banned. It is said that there are ultramodern Bolivians who regard the poncho as an outward sign of barbarism and a reflection upon the culture and progress of La Paz. Every ancient city has its ultramodernists who prefer concrete and stucco to good honest adobe. Fortunately from a picturesque point of view, in La Paz the innovator is face to face with a conservatism which has not yielded an inch in customs and tradition during four centuries of conquest, and which shows no sign of weakening in the twentieth century. If anything could induce the Indian to boycott La Paz, it would be an ill-advised attempt to tamper with his liberties and privileges.

La Paz is seen at its best and brightest on a Sunday morning. The tourist's attention is usually directed to the Indian Market as the most interesting sight in all the city. Interesting it is, and beautiful beyond words, on account of the blaze of furiously contrasting colors, which in this crystalline air blend so harmoniously. In how many climates could a woman wear a set of garments which included the strongest violets and purples and reds and oranges without setting the teeth of every passer-by on edge? It can be done here, and with the most pleasing results.

This morning I walked up the hill from the Prado behind a *chola* woman whose dress not even Bakst at his most inspired moment could have designed. Across her shoulders she wore a woolen shawl of pale saffron. Beneath it, worn cornerwise, was a second shawl of olive green, hanging over a third shawl of an intense purple. Below was a skirt of rosy flannel, half concealing high tanned boots of raw ochre. Every color blended perfectly, even though the dyes were of the crudest. Could this woman of the working classes have thought out the details of her costume? Or was the perfect harmony of color merely a matter of happy accident? Not even in the native quarters and bazaars of the glowing East can such a riot of the prismatic colors be seen as in La Paz, and nowhere do they glow more softly.

One of the most interesting features of the Sunday market is that the vendors seem to have reduced the needs

[1] From the *West Coast Leader* (Lima English-language weekly), *June* 29

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of life to the most simple elements. A woman will sit all day in front of a handful of *ajis* and frozen potatoes and shallots, and, from the few centavos gained, clothe a large family in ponchos and innumerable petticoats, and have enough left over to keep her goodman well plied with raw alcohol. Yet more interesting than the market places spilling their overflow of vendors high up the hillside to Chijini, is the Church of San Francisco on Sunday mornings. The Indians come into the town at the week-ends, not only to barter and buy, not only to get drunk, but also to worship God after their manner and understanding. And, with admirable good taste, they frequent the Church of San Francisco because it is infinitely the most beautiful and historic shrine in all La Paz.

On a Sunday forenoon, and especially on an occasion of one of the major feasts, the church is thronged with a continual ebb and flow of brilliantly attired worshipers. A Rip Van Winkle might well believe himself back in the sixteenth century. Scarcely a mantilla is to be seen, rarely even a suggestion of modern attire. The dress of the Indian and of the *chola* is neither ancient nor modern, but traditional and unchanging throughout the centuries. The dyes of petticoat or poncho may to-day be aniline; the blanket, in which babies are snugly cradled upon their mothers' backs, of German origin. But whatever the present origin of dye or woof, the patterns remain constant, and the mode of dress unchanged. Thus the old walls of San Francisco, itself unchanged and unchanging, look down Sunday after Sunday upon the same type of face and the same type of garment, and upon the offering of the same sacrifice, as they have done these four hundred years past.

Every worshiper has the appearance of being very much at home in this house of God. At the high altar, Mass is chanted underneath a blaze of electric light and amid a cloud of incense. Before every side altar Indian women, hatless and hair-braided, mutter their prayers and cross and recross themselves in endless repetition. The babies on their backs croon and gurgle contentedly. Tiny urchins, the exact replica in miniature of their fathers, and similarly clad in poncho and sandals and not much else, suck their thumbs and gaze around them. In a corner a little girl of some seven years makes her confession to a brown-robed Franciscan in all publicity and without the moral support of a confessional. The centre of the church blazes like a bed of tulips with the many-hued shawls and brilliant skirts of *cholas* who, products of a younger evolution, worship with more orthodoxy from the pews.

There is no questioning the devotion of the congregation. Whether the deity its members worship be God or Sun, he is the creator of the universe and the giver of all good things, and must be propitiated. That is one of the reasons why at the doors of the church small boys do a thriving trade in selling mutton-fat candles to burn before the shrine of Our Lady.

The same sincerity of purpose is obvious in all the religious rites and ceremonies in which the Indian population of La Paz participates so wholeheartedly. Thus, for three days at Whitsuntide, the upper part of the city in the neighborhood of the railway station and the avenida Peru throbs to the beat of the tom-tom and drones to the wail of the *quenua*. In bands of a dozen or more, sparkling brilliantly in coats of silver sequins, with headdresses of parrots' feathers, each individual bearing in his hand a scourge of knotted cords, the Indians during the Feast of

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the Holy Spirit, and with the inspiration of much bad rum, assist the Almighty in driving the Evil Spirit out of La Paz.

The Aymaras still celebrate their feasts in accordance with an immemorial tradition. Whitsuntide is of minor importance, but it is of interest as indicating the nature of every other similar festival. The dance is the same immemorial dance which was once danced before the shrines of Tiahuanaco and Sacsahuaman. Ethnically, it is the same dance which is common to the coast Indian of North Canada, to the Hopi of Arizona, to the Devil worshiper of Tibet, and not so alien in point of fact to the whirlings of a howling dervish of Kairouan. And, in each case, it seems to have the same hypnotic effect. There is nothing gay about any religious dance; and the Indian, like the proverbial Englishman, takes his pleasures with every outward sign of sadness. He may and does get gloriously drunk, he may drug himself almost to the point of insensibility, but not by any outward sign does he betray the fact that he is enjoying himself; his face remains as expressionless as a monolith.

Feasts such as these are an interesting survival of the past, but a dying survival already out of place amid the surroundings of a brand-new avenue and under the glare of electric street lights. Most incongruous of all is the municipal license-tag, conspicuously marked 'Bs I,' which every dancer or masquerader has to wear pinned to his breast.

It is said that the Government discourages the distinctively Indian features of life in La Paz. Efforts have been made to put a ban upon the poncho. All the world knows what has happened to the Christianized South Sea Islanders since missionaries forbade the *lava-lava*. Likewise would the Indians die off of pneumonia and tuberculosis if the use of the poncho were prohibited. Fortunately from a picturesque point of view, the Aymara is less yielding in disposition than the Quichua. He preserves his independence of spirit in spite of centuries of semislavery and submission. He is essential to La Paz, and he knows it.

PAGES FROM MY LIFE [1]

BY FEODOR SHALIAPIN

I WAS in a theatre, — for the first time in my life, — high up in the peanut gallery. The house was crowded with a holiday throng, and I had to stand up all the time, holding on to the ceiling. With deep amazement I looked down into the huge pit, at the circles of seats around its walls, and the dark bottom where I could distinguish rows of chairs among which a steady stream of people slowly flowed. The gaslights smelled strong — an odor that remained most welcome to me for the rest of my life. I remember that the curtain was painted with a design following Pushkin's fairy tale: —

[1] From *Dni* (Paris Moderate Socialist daily), *August* 24

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Upon the seashore stands an oak.
A golden chain is spun around it.
All day, all night, a learned cat
Keeps walking back and forth upon it.

The orchestra was playing, when suddenly the curtain trembled, rose — and I remained petrified, bewitched. Before me lived a dimly remembered fairy tale. In a marvelously adorned room walked magnificently dressed people talking an unusual, beautiful language. I could not understand what they were saying, but I was stirred to the bottom of my soul, and without blinking once, without a thought in my head, I surveyed these marvels.

The curtain fell, but I stood still, charmed with that dream I never dreamed but always waited for — a dream I am waiting for even to-day. People came and went, pushed me about, but I stood on the same spot. And when the play was over and the lights began to fade I felt sad. I could not bring myself to believe that this life was ended. My arms and legs were numb. I remember that when I came out my walk was unsteady.

I now understood that the theatre was incomparably superior to the market-place show of Iashka Mamonov which I had liked so much. It was strange to see daylight in the street, and the sinking sun playing upon the bronze figure of Derzhavin. I went back to the theatre and bought a ticket for the evening.

This time they played *Medea*. I had a comfortable seat and could lean on the balustrade. Again my eyes never left the stage, where a moon which they must have borrowed from the sky was shining, and where Medea suffered, fleeing with her children while beautiful Jason ran wildly about. I looked at it all with my mouth literally wide open, though it was not until the intermission that I noticed that water was running out of it. This embarrassed me very much. Cautiously I looked at my neighbors, to see if they had noticed it. It seemed that they had not. 'I must keep my mouth shut,' I said to myself; but as soon as the curtain rose, involuntarily I opened it again, though I covered it with my hand.

The theatre went to my head and made me nearly insane. Walking home, I looked as in a dream at the occasional street lights winking at each other. Remembering the magnificent speeches I had just heard from the stage, I stopped in the middle of the sidewalk and declaimed, imitating the mimicry and gestures.

'I am a queen — quite so! But also wife and mother!' I exclaimed in the silence of the night, to the bewilderment of sleepy watchmen.

Other nights like this one followed. Sometimes a gloomy passer-by would stop me after the theatre and ask, 'What 's the matter?' Embarrassed, I would run away, and he probably mused on the depravity of such very young boys getting drunk.

At home I used to tell my mother what I saw. A desire tormented me to communicate to her at least a small portion of the joy that filled me. I spoke to her of Medea and Jason, of Katerina from Ostrovskii's *Tempest*, of the wonderful beauty of the people who played in the theatre, and I imitated their speech. But I saw that she was not interested, that she did not understand.

'So, so,' she answered me in a low, quiet voice, thinking her own thoughts.

I especially wanted to tell her about love, the chief axis around which all life upon the stage moved. But for some reason I felt ashamed to speak of that; and besides, I felt I could not tell her anything simple and clear about it. I myself failed to understand why in the theatre they spoke about love in such beautiful, elevated language, while in the Sukonnaia Sloboda — our

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poor suburb — love was a dirty, obscene business which excited wicked laughter. Upon the stage, love moved people to great exploits, and upon our street to punching each other's jaws. What, then, are there two loves — one supreme happiness, the other sin and debauchery?

While of course I did not give much thought to this subject at that time, I could not help noticing the painful contradiction.

So, with all my desire to open that world of charm to my mother, I was unable to do so. To begin with, I was puzzled by the outlandish names they bore upon the stage. Why Jason and not plain Jacob? Why Medea and not Maria? Where is the scene supposed to occur, who are the people, what is the Golden Fleece, and where is Colchis?

'So, so,' she repeated; 'but just the same, you ought not to go to theatres so much. You 'll again neglect work. Now your father keeps saying that you are doing nothing. Of course I stand up for you, but it *is* true that you are a loafer!'

To be sure I was; and I also studied badly. Whenever I asked my father for permission to go to the theatre he answered, 'No,' and said: —

'A yardman — you 've got to get a yardman's job and not go to theatres! You 've got to be a yardman, and then you 'll have a sure piece of bread, you beast. What good is there in a theatre? You 've already missed your chance to learn a trade, and you 'll rot in prison yet! Look at the artisans — at least they have clothes and food and boots —'

Most of the artisans I saw in our suburb were drunk, famished, and clothed in rags — a fact which undermined my faith in my father's words.

'But I work, don't I? I copy papers — I 've copied a lot of them already —'

'As soon as you get through school I 'll put you to hard work. You might as well know that, you loafer!'

But the theatre fascinated me more and more, and time and again I hid the money I earned by singing in the church choir. I knew that this was bad, but I felt that I could no longer go to the theatre alone; I had to share my impressions with someone. I began to take a boy companion with me, buying his ticket. Most often it was a certain Mikhailov. Upon leaving the theatre we would have warm discussions, criticizing the artists and trying to penetrate the meaning of the play. Soon an opera company came, and tickets rose in price — they were now thirty kopecks each! Opera filled me with amazement. As a choir singer, of course, I was not a bit surprised that people sang strange, incomprehensible words; the words of hymns I sang at the weddings were no clearer. But these people sang all the time and never spoke. This singing life quite overcame me, and I liked it immensely.

'My Lord,' I thought, 'what if people did the same thing in Kazan — if they sang all the time, in the street, in the public baths, in the shops! Suppose, for instance, the cobbler should sing to me, "Fedka, gimme the string!" and I should sing back, "Here it is, if you please, Nikolai Evtropych!" Or if the night watchman, catching a delinquent by his collar, should sing in deep basso, "Wait till I take you to the station!" and the victim should answer in a small tenor, "Have mercy, have mercy, officer!"'

Dreaming of such exquisite life, I naturally began to convert plain working days into opera. My father would call to me, 'Fedka, fetch some kvas!' and I would answer him in the highest pitch I could command, 'This minute!'

'Why are you howling so?' he would

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ask. But after I had sung to him several mornings in succession, 'Papa, will you kindly come to te-e-e-a,' he remarked to my mother: 'Did you hear that? See what the theatre has done to him.'

The theatre had now become a necessity to me. The part of an onlooker in the gallery satisfied me no longer. I wanted to penetrate behind the scenes and understand where they took the moon, where the actors went when they fell through the floor, how it was possible to build cities in such a short time, and where all this brilliant life went after the play was over.

Several times I attempted to slip through the gates of this kingdom of marvels, but some fierce guardians drove me away with blows every time. Finally I succeeded, and found myself in a dark, narrow stairway clogged with all kinds of rubbish. There was the way to the Miraculous, free before me!

Stepping over broken frames and torn canvas, I went down under the stage and into a diabolical maze of cords, posts, machinery. Everything moved, shook, creaked. Crawling like a mouse, I clambered upon the stage, and found myself in the midst of my living dream, in the company of red-faced Indians, Spaniards, sweaty stage carpenters, and excited men with copy-books in their hands. Although the Indians and Spaniards spoke pure Russian like the carpenters, this could not rob them of their fascination. Elated, I scrutinized their painted faces and garish costumes. Here and there passed a fireman in a shining helmet, and above me under the roof a few people were mysteriously climbing about, not unlike the acrobats I saw at the fair grounds. The impression made by all this was unforgettable.

Soon after this I took part in a play as an extra. They dressed me in a clinging black costume and smeared my face with burned cork, promising to pay me five kopecks for this disrespectful treatment. I submitted, not only without fear, but with great delight, vociferously cried 'Hurrah!' in honor of Vasco de Gama, and was very happy.

What was my embarrassment when I found out that it was by no means easy to wash off the burned cork. I used a whole snowdrift in the attempt, but came home with a dusky complexion. My parents very earnestly requested me to explain. I told them the truth, but that did not satisfy them, and my father whipped me cruelly, saying: 'A yardman's job! A yardman's job is what you need!'

'Why a yardman?' I thought to myself.

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MIRAGE

BY G. W. RUSSELL (Æ)

[*Irish Statesman*]

Those lovely lunar faces
By hearths to which we strayed,
The spells around them woven
Within the gilded shade,
After an ancient resting place
The images were made.

Would we have stayed our questing,
Declined unto this lot,
Had love and home no story
Of the high things we sought,
Of that great House we parted from
And had not all forgot.

The peace as deep as being
Passed beyond sight or sound,
Where lover and beloved
Are in each other drowned,
Fullness unto the uttermost,
A deep that has no bound.

From memories and hauntings,
Through breathings of sweet air,
On brow, in eyes and tresses,
Was set the tender snare,
All phantom of the deep content
The heart imagined there.

Brief balm for all our anguish
At that full life denied,
Even from the noblest beauty
Soon, soon, the wonder died.
Who won Helen and Deirdre's love,
Within their hearts they sighed.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Novels on the Stage

LONDON is enjoying two good opportunities of seeing with what success a novel can be dramatized. John Drinkwater has made a play of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, and Margaret Kennedy, with the assistance of Mr. Basil Dean, has done the same thing to *The Constant Nymph*. Mr. Dean is looked upon in London as one of the most brilliant producers in town, but measured by Broadway standards his work falls far short of what we can do over here.

In reviewing the Drinkwater effort in the *Observer*, Mr. St. John Ervine remarks that it is difficult enough to dramatize a novel anyway, and almost impossible to do justice to Hardy's masterpiece, which depends so much on nature for its effects. He recommends following only the plot. 'As well might a man try to sculpt stone after the fashion of a man who paints pictures' as attempt to put a novel on the stage in its original form. Mr. Drinkwater has expended no end of conscientious industry only to fall into this very pitfall. The dialogue is almost word for word original Hardy, but it is strung together in such a disconnected series of episodes, and so much effort is spent in giving atmosphere at the expense of dramatic values, that the result is disappointing. Naomi G. Royde-Smith of the *Outlook* feels that the task was a hopeless one to begin with. 'Of all the odd activities to which the mind of man is prompted,' she declares, 'none has ever seemed to me more mysterious than that which induces perfectly competent dramatists to turn novels into plays.'

Some there will be who cannot agree with Miss Royde-Smith in her opinion of Drinkwater as a 'perfectly competent dramatist,' but one there is, Mr. St. John Ervine, who feels that a novel can perfectly well be turned into a play. Although not much impressed by *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, he found *The Constant Nymph* excellent. 'There is a singular and, in some respects, sentimental belief that a novel should never be dramatized,' he announces, and goes on to say that authors do nothing but repeat themselves, citing Shakespeare, the Greeks, and the Chinese. 'Let us have no more of this sentimentality about works of art that are genuine, being unique and unrepeatable.' Agreed.

By following Mr. Ervine's advice not to stick too closely to the original, Miss Kennedy succeeded in doing to the best book that Heywood Broun had read in ten years what Mr. Drinkwater could not do to a masterpiece. In the dramatization of *The Constant Nymph* Sanger himself does not appear on the stage at all, and Mr. Ervine confesses that those who have not read the book — if such idiots exist — may find the play a little hard to understand here and there. The two leading parts were taken by people familiar to American audiences. Noel Coward depicts the musician Lewis Dodd, and Edna Best, last seen in *These Charming People*, has not kept her promise to return to the States and is doing the part of Teresa Sanger. Anyone who has seen her act will believe Mr. Ervine, who is not given to slopping over, when he says, 'This young actress has grown out of all recognition. Her per-

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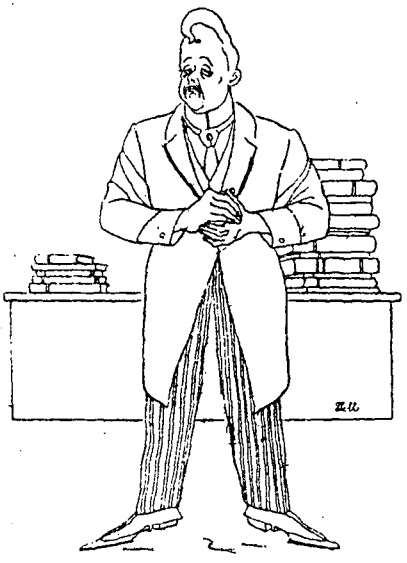
formance of Tessa was so sincere and moving and beautiful that I find myself still recalling it. Her performance is one of the finest I have seen on our stage this year.' Noel Coward also acquitted himself creditably. But it is a dubious credit to the popular theatre that a good novel flops on the stage and a bad one looks like a million dollars.

'The Rude Book'

THIS is the title of a book of drawings of British celebrities that has attracted no little attention in the country of its origin. For one thing, the author is a



ARNOLD BENNETT

mystery. He, she, or they have taken the nom de plume 'Tell,' and Osbert Sitwell, C. R. W. Nevinson, Chesterton, and Belloc are all under suspicion, Mr. Nevinson only having flatly denied guilt. The book consists of a number of drawings with humorous rimes or remarks under them. Of Bernard Shaw, for instance, it says, 'Among other dramatists during that period was Bernard Shaw — an extract from the Book of Time.' Others are just about as funny as that one. Under Arnold Bennett runs this refrain: —

You pays your money and you takes your choice —
That side for commerce, and this for art;
Both hands are Bennett's, and so 's the voice.
Now, gents, be quick, let 's make a start.

The three Sitwells come out in better shape — which is perhaps the reason

THE SITWELLS

they are suspected. This literary trinity is apostrophized in these words: —

Three minds with but a single thought,
Three hearts that beat as one,
They turned the Muses upside down
And spanked them just for fun.

Jacob Epstein, whose statue of Rima in the W. H. Hudson bird sanctuary still sticks in many British gullets, fares very badly: —

He carves in stone, and more 's the pity,
For stone is obstinate and gritty.
Oh, how I wish he were a cutter
In licorice or lard or butter,
So that posterity might miss
His primitive absurdities.

The Rude Book only half fulfills the promise of the title, for real rudeness is frequently offensive, and 'Tell' is never

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that. The popularity of the volume in England gives a good indication of current standards of cleverness over there.

EPSTEIN

Memories of Nietzsche

MISS HELEN ZIMMERN is known in England and America as the author of a book on Schopenhauer, a study of Italy, and a paraphrase of a Persian work called *Epic of Kings*. She is less famous as a friend of Nietzsche, whom she first met in Bayreuth in 1876, when he used to walk with her after lunch, having put in the morning at his desk. 'I listened,' she recently remarked, 'with more or less feigned interest, for, to tell you the truth, I understood only little then of what he spoke about. But it seemed to give him such a relief to talk to a human being! The man seemed to me so lonely, so unspeakably lonely! If, here and there, I risked a little reply, he used to say, "Quite so, but as Zarathustra has said before" — and then came a verse from his famous work, of which already three quarters were written at that time.'

Asked what impression Nietzsche gave at that time, she replied: 'Nietzsche was shy, and even awkward, when he found himself with people with whom he was entirely out of touch. But when the ice was once broken you could easily see that you had to do with a man who was thoroughly conscious of his merit. Once he even told me that his ideas were so important that one day university chairs would be founded in order to give lectures on and explanations of them.'

In regard to his insanity, traces of which have been detected in *Zarathustra* by keen-nosed critics, she said: 'I have heard of some of these discussions. New thought easily seems crazy to those who are thoroughly imbued with the old. I myself never noticed any trace of insanity, even of eccentricity. I deny, and most emphatically so, that there was a trace of insanity in the man I then knew. I should, on the contrary, rather say that he gave me the impression of being an extraordinarily sane man.'

Miss Zimmern also makes it clear that Nietzsche's ideas about women were never put into practice, and that he was more than a real gentleman, that he possessed what the Italians call *gentilezza*. She told of an elderly Russian, believed to be a former lady-in-waiting of the Tsaritza, who was suffering from a nervous breakdown and had to leave the Alps in winter time for the warmer Italian climate. She refused, however, to quit her room, and though a carriage came every day for her she could not be prevailed upon to get in it. Finally Nietzsche heard of the incident, and asked if they would put her in his hands. A few days later when the carriage appeared Friedrich Nietzsche walked calmly to its door with the nervous old lady following him like a lamb. No one ever discovered how he prevailed on her to go.

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The Englishman's God

As our readers are aware, *The Nation and the Athenæum* of London has been conducting a religious questionnaire, which we printed in these columns on the first of October.

The idea seemed such a good one that the *Daily News*, which has a circulation of over half a million, took it up, and both papers have now printed the first fruits of their inquiry. A far larger proportion of the *Nation's* readers have responded, and striking differences are to be noticed in the two groups of answers submitted.

The returns of the *Daily News* show a drift clearly in sympathy with the traditional religious convictions. Belief in a personal God, in personal immortality, and in the divinity of Christ 'in a sense in which all living men could not be said to be divine,' are affirmed by large majorities. We print below the two sets of figures.

The *Nation* Questionnaire The Questions	The *Nation* Figures			The *Daily News* Figures		
	Yes	No	Doubtful or No Answer	Yes	No	Blank
1. Do you believe in a personal God?	537	736	65	9991	3686	366
2. Do you believe in an impersonal, purposive, and creative power of which living beings are the vehicle, corresponding to the Life Force, the *élan vital*, the Evolutionary Appetite, and so forth?	503	668	167	4714	6467	2862
3. Do you believe that the basis of reality is matter?	379	762	197	3049	8338	2656
4. Do you believe in personal immortality?	578	646	114	10161	3178	704
5. Do you believe that Jesus Christ was divine in a sense in which all living men could not be said to be divine?	474	819	45	9549	4179	315
6. Do you believe in any form of Christianity?	666	585	87	10546	2879	618
7. Do you believe in the Apostles' Creed?	289	952	97	7484	5071	1488
8. Do you believe in the formulated tenets of any Church?	325	920	93	7299	5296	1448
9. Are you an active member of any church?	475	837	26	8796	4896	351
10. Do you voluntarily attend any religious service regularly?	571	742	25	10025	3822	196
11. Do you accept the first chapter of Genesis as historical?	88	1216	34	5333	7488	1222
12. Do you regard the Bible as inspired in a sense in which the literature of your own country could not be said to be inspired?	377	918	43	8950	4635	458
13. Do you believe in transubstantiation?	60	1253	25	1456	12147	440
14. Do you believe that Nature is indifferent to our ideals?	793	315	230	5713	4987	3343

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Burmese Films

WITHOUT shedding a single tear, the Rangoon correspondent of the London *Times* has reported that several films made in Burma are giving the offensive American product a run for its money. The most successful of these is entitled 'The Country Boy,' and it tells of the love affair between a native girl and boy, complicated by the foul desires of a local chieftain who posed as a village magistrate but turned out to be a notorious gangster. He is about to marry the girl when her boy friend encompasses his ruin at the ceremony itself, and receives a large sum of money for his pains. The hero of the picture is named Maung Shwe Yo, and he works in a movie palace at Rangoon owned by Mr. U Ba Nyun, who has financed eight such films in the course of the last four years. The directors as well as the actors in these productions are all natives, and they have a studio equipped with all modern improvements in the heart of the jungle. Mr. Yo, one of the officials and leading actors in the company, says that the jeune filles of Rangoon are eager to break into the film world. At cigar-making they can earn but eightpence a day, whereas in the movie business they can make four times as much — a matter of some sixty-five cents, we gather. In order to attend the movies natives have been known to sell their mosquito nets, and one of the actors is so popular that he has had a song written about him. It is hoped that some of these films will soon be shown in London, for they are of Imperial manufacture, and reveal a corner of the Empire that many people would like to see.

No, No, Your Debt!

BURLESQUING the title of *No, No, Nannette*, the worst of all international musical comedy 'successes,' two ingenious Parisians have concocted a new revue entitled *No, No, Ta Dette*. The subject of this good-natured fun can be imagined, but the method by which the laughs are evoked is worth divulging.

Out of deference, perhaps, to American devotees of dramatic art as it is practised in the intellectual capital of the world, not all of the show is devoted to the uproarious Mellon-Bérenger Agreement. The scene which gives the entertainment its name concerns the birth of a baby boy. An official enters the room and informs the newborn child in the name of the United States of America that he must pay and pay over a period of sixty years. Now comes the surprise. The child's mother informs her husband that he is not the father of the infant, but that an American is responsible. The official at once withdraws, assuring the little one that his paternity frees him from all financial obligation. It is encouraging to see that the French are at last learning to deal with such risqué subjects quite as frankly as we do on Broadway. We are only sorry to learn that the reviewer for the *Figaro* 'liked less the scene in the Bois de Boulogne, evoking nocturnal orgies, where everything is not in the best of taste.' With a little more practice Paris will soon be holding up her end with the best of us.

Bérets

RIGHT-MINDED Beau Brummells have been disturbed by the popularity of the Helen Wills headpiece, consisting of a green eye-shade and a few straps to hold the brain in place, for it has never been taken up by the Prince of Wales. The next fad in male headwear suffers under no such handicap. The béret, heretofore peculiar to the Latin Quar-

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ter and the head of Jean Borotra, has now been seen on the Prince of Wales and General Trotter. Telegraphic dispatches from Biarritz reported that the two men were observed on the golf course 'wearing bérets adjusted at exactly the right angle.' This important news inspired an editorial writer on the London *Daily Telegraph* to discourse on hats in general, and to remark especially on the appearance of this new style. Time was, says the *Telegraph*, when the news, 'I saw a man in a straw hat to-day,' stirred many a suburban household, whereas now it only means that the Americans are in town again, for the 'gent's straw boater' is no longer in vogue. The new fad is woven from the centre, if it be the authentic article, and its popularity is such that the looms in the Pyrenees have been working overtime to fill the demand. It is likely, then, that we can look forward to the early appearance of the béret among our own élite of Palm Beach, and among their assiduous imitators less happily situated.

Memories of Firbank

It was said of the late Ronald Firbank that he subsisted almost solely on strawberries and champagne — a diet that may well have caused his untimely death, and that certainly had something to do with his curious literary output. In a letter from Nice to the London *Observer* Mr. Sewell Stokes says that Firbank avoided his native land because of his health, and that he himself realized the lightness of his work. After meeting Siegfried Sassoon he remarked, 'Siegfried is Tolstoi in goloshes, digging for worms, deep, deep. And what am I? A butterfly waiting for caterpillars to drop from the trees.' Mr. Stokes feels that this remark, though fantastic, is 'charged with great truth,' and points out that Edith Sitwell and Noel Coward, though poles apart in many respects, unite in praise of Firbank. That exquisite Iowan, Mr. Carl Van Vechten, did his best to recommend Firbank to the discriminating minority in America, and succeeded so well that his books are still known only to a few sophisticated laymen and to a slightly greater number of curious critics. Mr. Sewell Stokes wishes that this state of affairs could be remedied.

About the Prince of Wales

Jimmy Glover, one of the outstanding figures in London's Night Club Bohemia, tells this one. In his new book of reminiscences, *Hims, Ancient and Modern*, he describes the trip made by the Prince of Wales around the world on board H.M.S. Renown. The leader of the ship's band knew of the young man's fondness for jazz music, and before setting forth had provided his musicians with the compositions of Irving Berlin and other royal favorites. So delighted was the Prince that he used to sit up every night until two o'clock or later, with the result that his health began to suffer. His doctor became alarmed, and requested the bandmaster to play 'God Save the King' at midnight, in the hope that God might save the Prince too. The order was carried out, and the next night the band packed up its music and turned in on the stroke of twelve.

Not so the Prince. 'Gentlemen,' he announced, 'now, having put Father to bed, let us make a night of it. Get out the jolly old gramophone. Where 's my banjo?'

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

PROFESSOR FORTUNAT STROWSKI of the Sorbonne, in describing his experiences during a recent world tour to a representative of *L'Opinion*, spoke thus of his impressions at Columbia University and of higher institutions of learning in general in this country: 'My American colleagues are in general men of artistic and intellectual interests who use their personal influence to combat the prevailing utilitarian and industrial tendencies of their countrymen. The university does not play the same rôle there that it does in France. It prepares men for practical life, but it is not a centre of general speculation. In America they develop the personality of their students. Professors endeavor to elicit in every instance an individual reaction which is a moral reaction. There is no unity except national unity. Everyone instinctively adopts a moral point of view rather than an æsthetic point of view. Love of action dominates all else, and everyone wants to live his own life.'

* * *

Americans said to me in Hollywood: 'Why are you so envious of our film success? You make better cloth and better motor cars than we do; you run steamships at a profit, and we can't; you have all the raw rubber. Why can't you leave us the films?' Well, we can't. — *L'Estrange Fawcett*

* * *

'You are, Excellency,' said Tagore, 'the most misrepresented man in the world.' 'I know it,' Signor Mussolini answered smiling, 'but how can I help it?'

* * *

I do not believe the League of Nations can be made a power in the world until the great, formidable, mighty democracy of the West comes in.
— *David Lloyd George*

* * *

The trouble is that the spenders of the country are better organized than the people who produce the taxes. — *Sir Arthur Balfour*

* * *

One of the effects of the coal strike has been an enormous increase in the consumption of gas. Colonel G. S. Eunson, manager of the Northampton Gas Company, said that the increased consumption to June 30 was 24,000,000 cubic feet, and in the last six weeks it had increased 4,000,000 cubic feet. He is now using American coal, which he described as 'awfully dear, and abominable to work.' — *The Daily Herald*

* * *

We must say plainly that the publication of such a work [*England*] at this crisis by a man of Dr. Inge's reputation is the worst service to England that he has it in his power to do.
— *The Saturday Review*

* * *

One negotiates so much better in sunshine.
— *Aristide Briand*

* * *

The mob has a mysterious sort of power of hitting the right nail with the wrong hammer.
— *G. K. Chesterton*

* * *

About Mussolini himself I must, however, say that he did interest me as an artist. His personality was striking. As a poet the human element — even in politics — touches me more deeply than abstract theories. Modern civilization is too impersonal for me. The expression of the personal man in his work may not be good, may even be terrible, but when it makes itself powerfully evident it is fascinating. Moral judgment and the interest invoked by a dramatic personality are two entirely different things. Mussolini struck me as a masterful personality. He seems not only to have strength of determination, but a quick instinct for realizing his opportunities which has enabled him to obtain such perfect mastery over a whole people. His great dramatic personality brought to my vision a man riding upon a wild horse who by his marvelous strength checked an almost insane people and controlled them. — *Sir Rabindranath Tagore*

* * *

No British Government would think it becoming the dignity of this country or compatible with our honor to go cap in hand to those to whom we had undertaken obligations.
— *Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. P.*

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Twilight of the White Races, by Maurice Muret. Translated by Mrs. Touzalin. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1926. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

THERE is nothing particularly new in the theory that the burden of the white man is getting past his bearing, and that he must reckon with the colored races whom he has ironically trained toward mastery. But the haunting fear has gained a new significance through the Great War, and as we recede from the memory of the actual hostilities many people are beginning to think of the struggle less as an example of bloodletting among the whites themselves than as an access of hæmophilia among them.

From this standpoint it is highly ironical that, while no one was more sensationally conscious and afraid of the Yellow Peril than William II, yet it was he who brought that and kindred perils much nearer to our doors, if only by knocking down the props of the avalanche of the Slav, with whom, to change the metaphor, Bismarck had always been so keen to 'keep the wire working.' The Iron Chancellor, indeed, felt like Renan, who once described the Slav as the 'dragon of the Apocalypse,' who 'would drag after him some day the hordes of Asia, former dependents of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane.' In much the same way M. Muret regards the Bolsheviki as the 'advance guard of the yellow hordes,' who, in one shape or another, have percolated through Teutonic lands to the Adriatic itself, making us think of Gor'kii's dictum that Lenin awakened Russia, which 'will now sleep no more.'

There are many elements in *The Twilight of the White Races* which make a special appeal to a Frenchman's national sense of irony. In the first place, he contemplates at once the decrease in his birth rate, coupled with none of the aversion to color which increasingly obsesses America. Again, it was a Frenchman who made the suggestion that certain nations can be weakened and exhausted by the services they render to all mankind, for Renan was inclined to regard the examples of Judea, Greece, and Rome as illustrating a law of history. M. Muret himself sees an intensive quickening of the process in the advent of President Wilson, whose theories, directly traceable to Lord Byron, have 'contributed powerfully to the disorder with which human societies are now struggling.'

Having surveyed the immediate effect of the war, especially as regards the Slav, M. Muret examines the pressure which has arisen independent of that, particularly as aroused by the imperialism of Europe. Thus he deals with the rise of the black race in Africa, the ambitions of Turkey, of the Arabs, and of India, while he touches on the Negro problem in America, on Japan, and on China, doing so in each case with far greater clarity and hopefulness than prophets like Lothrop Stoddard or Oswald Spengler. Indeed, he thinks 'we need not be unduly alarmed': —

> The white race, in spite of its faults, has not yet said its last word. Although it is surrounded by enemies daily more numerous, more powerful, more prepared to fight it, it may still add to the benefits it has conferred on mankind.

He extends the Rhodes dictum that in future we must think in terms of continents from the concept of conquest to a doctrine of defense. But, though a union of white races would undoubtedly prolong their temporal and spiritual dominion, 'the people who should strive for it are far from feeling its need.'

Among many other curious suggestions, he asks: —

> May not the lowest elements of white society, who call themselves proletarians and assert that they are exploited, ally themselves with the inferior peoples who also claim that they have been wronged in their rights and interests? The proletariat and the colored people together could easily attain that power for which they are both so eager.

In any case, he holds that 'life continues always, and the end of a world is not necessarily the end of the world.'

Conversations with Anatole France, by Nicolas Ségur. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Spectator*]

SOMETIMES it is the wiser course to seek no further acquaintance with authors than through their books. With Anatole France it is otherwise, but personal intimacy with him reveals nothing more than his marvelous witchery of writing

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has already proclaimed to the world — that all human endeavor is vain; that in beauty alone, and especially in undraped female beauty, we shall find salvation, for in it we shall find oblivion; that the very object of being a Christian is the remission of sins, and that hence it is eminently necessary for a man to commit sin before he can be a Christian. These and many other like doctrines of the great pagan are to be found in M. Ségur's *Conversations with Anatole France*, which Mr. J. Lewis May has very charmingly translated.

This is no place to attempt any appreciation, much less any depreciation, of Anatole France; the beauty of his writing, the ingenuously subtle simplicity of his genius, almost succeed in disarming criticism. But with it all an uneasy doubt creeps in: Was the Master intellectually sincere? Did he really believe that all human endeavor was in vain? If he did, it is difficult to understand why he did not, like an Eastern fakir, cast ashes on his head and sit in any convenient apartment meditating on the futility of the world. If he did, it is also difficult to understand why he looked on literature seriously — and that he did is beyond doubt. 'Writing appeared to him rather like a supremely delightful amusement, elegant child's play, a sort of artificial illusion, an anodyne, like the lotus or opium, which enables a man temporarily to escape from the prison house of self.' So M. Ségur; but it is an explanation which it is hard to accept; every artist has a conscious joy and pride in his work, and joy and pride shine through every line of Anatole France's work. It is easy, too, to write, as M. Ségur does, of 'the tragic spectacle of a being belonging to another world and furnished with stricken wings which beat hopelessly, and bruised themselves against the walls of the prison that held him captive.' One would like to hear France's own sardonic comment on this piece of fine writing. After all, we are men, and live in a world of men, and it requires something more than ordinary credulousness to consider seriously and to sympathize with a man who refuses to accept human conditions and is continually lamenting over the mournful phantasmagoria of the universe.

With the very greatest respect, and even with such sympathy as should always be displayed toward disease, one seems to see in Anatole France, first a case of conscious pose, which later developed and hardened into a diathesis of unconscious hysteria. Be that, however, as it may, it is refreshing to be jolted occasionally out of the rut of convention. France, with the logic of his race and the piercing discernment of his own genius, drives us to examine our conventions, and herein lies the value of his dialectic. Instances scattered through this fascinating book are numerous: his defense of devil-worship as in accord with 'all the sound and healthy religions of primitive humanity,' his statement that 'civilization does not help us to be hopeful,' his defense of prostitution on the ground that a courtesan is 'a woman who practises humility . . . she giveth all that she hath. Moreover, she incites others to sin in order that they may afterward repent.' All these dicta make one think. Whatever our verdict on the points raised, we have nothing but thanks to M. Ségur for introducing us to the familiar talk of so charming, if so elusive, a personality, whose 'real companions and tutelary guides were, as he himself has written, Irony and Pity. Irony for whatever is mean or hypocritical in life and the world; Pity, immense and fervent, for whatever of suffering or wretchedness is inherent in the destiny of man.'

Perella, by William J. Locke. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head; New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

[*Morning Post*]

A NOVEL by Mr. Locke is always a charming entertainment, with well-drawn characters and a well-made plot, and a romantic atmosphere which is definitely felt, if not easily defined. And there are two other pleasant qualities which are never by any chance missing — an all-pervading air of good breeding due to the interpenetration of the author's own personality, and a secure mastery of style which almost always finds the *mot juste*, without that straining after it known as preciousness, and may very well prove an antidote to oblivion. A century hence, it may well be, only the novelist who was also a stylist will be remembered.

In Perella Annaway he has created perhaps the most engaging of his many delightful heroines. If he were in the habit of adopting and adapting living people to his purpose we should feel inclined to say that we have actually met the tiny, elfin original of that child of an erratic journalist — a member of the Savage and also of the 'Fuddlers' — and a spiritual, frightened Italian mother. Perella lives in Florence at the Pension Toselli on the Lungarno Torrigiani,— the stuffy rendezvous with its nondescript guests is described with delicate, if somewhat indignant, humor,— and adds a little to her tiny income by making copies of famous pictures. By means of a thousand minute touches her personality is so vividly realized that the reader, whether male or female, is bound to fall, or rather lapse inevitably, in love with her.

So we are glad on the whole, if just a little jealous, — and this jealousy is the rarest tribute to her creator, — when young Anthony Blake, generous, shy, witty, and ever so young, appears at the Pension to make much of her, seeing her as

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half angel and half bird, and 'all a wonder and a wild desire.' They adore one another, and she becomes radiant with light and delight from within. And then, alas! he falls in with plutocratic American women and goes back on Perella and on himself — so that ruefully she says, with an unwise humility, 'I'm afraid my everything is too small for you.' Beatrice Ellison, his patron and publicity agent and elderly Egeria, who keeps her looks and outline, cannot give him a great career, but we are given to understand that she can and does reduce his character to absurdity. He marries her in the end, and Perella becomes the wife of the famous Commendatore Silvester Gayton, a delightful old gentleman whose profound knowledge of the arts includes a grasp of the art of living — his life's work henceforth is to give her the spiritual and material setting of a miniature *grande dame*.

As to what follows we shall say nothing; she remains faithful to her aged lover — 'There was no longer an Anthony.' Such stories are to Love a rumor, unreal, cold, and incredible. Why, for the sake of such myths, then, Mr. Locke, do you make young people and us so unhappy and unsatisfied?

Joseph Conrad As I Knew Him, by Jessie Conrad. London: William Heinemann, 1926. 6*s*.

[*Sunday Times*]

GOING to and fro over the ways of earth and ocean for eight-and-thirty years, Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski can hardly be said to have possessed a home until he married. It is clear that the young and inexperienced English girl who then undertook to make one for and with him embarked on a difficult and formidable task. In essentials Conrad proved a good husband, but his innate oddities and ingrained habits cost the vehicle of domesticity many a jolt and jar. It is equally clear, however, alike from this unvarnished narrative and the testimony of friends, that his wife from the first faced her perplexities with admirable courage and devotion, making it her chief aim to protect his irritable and hypersensitive temperament from external aggravation, and doing her utmost to ensure that his surroundings were as favorable as might be to the uninterrupted flowering of his genius.

Conrad's disposition, we learn, was in part explicable by his nationality.

> His was not a happy nature [writes his wife], and he often anticipated trouble long before it came. On the other hand he had a curious way of shrinking from actualities when it came to facing suffering. When this characteristic was first brought home to me I was taken aback and not a little frightened. But after some months in Poland I discovered that this temperamental peculiarity was characteristic of his nation. This discovery made it easier to understand him without making my concern too apparent, and to sympathize with his apprehensive anxiety. Our visit to Poland at the beginning of the war threw light back upon my early impressions of him.

That visit, by the way, was enough to try the strongest nerves. Caught at Krakow by the outbreak of the war, the Conrads and their two sons succeeded in returning to England only after many severe hardships, intensified by the chronic lameness which had overtaken Mrs. Conrad. Their elder son's war service, which began shortly afterward, was an added cause of apprehension. Conrad himself suffered periodically from violent attacks of gout. Yet, among all these trials, his pen pursued its course from one triumph to another. A long and detailed life of Conrad, it is understood, is in preparation. But this intimate record of ups and downs, hopes and fears, successes and disappointments, will never be negligible.

Le Danseur Mondain, by Paul Bourget. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1926.

[*Mercure de France*]

WHILE the majority of writers whose reputations were established before the war have tried since then to woo public favor by more or less turning their backs on their earlier manner and setting themselves up against impetuous youngsters of a very different stripe, M. Paul Bourget has remained rigorously faithful to himself. Without fearing to appear out of style, he has continued to follow the bent of his thought and, as he says, to 'reconstruct the whole system of French truths' according to certain governing ideas that he has imbibed from his elders, especially from Hippolyte Taine.

I shall make no attempt to summarize the complicated and dramatic plot of this book, against which one can only say that it establishes too close a parallel between two young people who were led to commit the same sin under the same circumstances because they were both thrown off their balance by the disordered post-war state of mind. The book is sound enough, but you feel that M. Bourget has only devised his plot to prove his point, which he has not been afraid of presenting as if it were a thesis. It may be said in his defense that the author of *Le Disciple* is less preoccupied in creating characters who will abandon themselves as did the characters of Balzac, whom he admires so much and whose genius he so well understands, than he is in animating certain entities that he envelops

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rather heavily with humanity or that he clothes with psychological traits, true in themselves, but parasitic. His very obstinacy in his faults attests, however, to the real power of his originality, and it cannot be denied that this moralist and essayist has succeeded in creating a world of his own which he evolves with imposing assurance. Moreover, he possesses a fundamental technique of novel-writing at a period when such things are scorned, and it is his constructive skill, quite aside from his admirable analytical powers, that will give permanence to his imaginative works.

Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli, by Ronald Firbank. London: Grant Richards, 1926. *7s. 6d.*

[*Saturday Review*]

RONALD FIRBANK'S work was not widely known, and could not be. It is in the highest degree esoteric, and even the confirmed student would probably be at a loss to find meanings for his more fragmentary paragraphs. His style was his own, and it had, if one may say so, more facial expression than almost anyone's; it smiled, smirked, nodded, winked, leered — in short, was never still for a moment. But in spite of these contortions it had an underlying rhythm and structure of great beauty and originality. *The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli* is a *chronique scandaleuse;* a farrago of impudence, *double-entendre,* coarseness, whimsicality, and imagination. By grafting the manners of the Italian Renaissance on to the Court of modern Spain — a Renaissance and a Spain of Mr. Firbank's imagination — he produces a fantastic tree the fruit of which, one feels, would be poisonous if it were real. But it is not; it has no contact with reality. There is much to be said against the book — that to read it is waste of time, that it is incomparably silly, that it is boring, that it is indecent and ought not to be allowed. But all these criticisms are too heavy-handed, like a ponderous blow launched against a mosquito. The most one can say is: What a pity his gift could not find clothes or manners enough to appear in mixed company! Each of his books is in the nature of a private performance, adored by the few, ignored by the many. Living, one might have scolded him; dead, one can only regret him.

Amid the Forests of Normandy, by Edouard Herriot. Translated by J. H. Lepper. London: Cassell, 1926. *10s. 6d.*

[*Westminster Gazette*]

M. HERRIOT has found time among the distraction of French politics to write a delightful book in which he shows himself equally at home with history, archæology, the life of the countryside, and the poets. No one could wish for a more illuminating guide to Normandy. For M. Herriot sees its people and history, its forests and cathedrals, from an angle which is pleasantly distinctive and personal. He is a graceful ironist who can make whimsical play with the hierarchy of the trees, an amusing raconteur with a store of good stories to tell, and an historian who unrolls Normandy's important and turbulent past with shrewd comment and an enviable lightness of touch.

Even the poets of Normandy, he says, have always argued like barristers; a sense of proportion and a hatred of loose ends appear to be innate in Norman blood. Another characteristic is love of the horse, and M. Herriot introduces the reader to some famous sires, with delightful names like Voltaire and Homer, whose achievements are still fondly remembered by his countrymen. For M. Herriot knows Normandy as no casual tourist can hope to do; and he is at his happiest when he is delving into the past and emerging with an admirable story like that of the foundation of the first Trappist monastery by the converted worldling, de Rancé.

But it is for the Norman cathedrals that he reserves his real enthusiasm. The extent of his architectural knowledge is remarkable in a layman, and whether he is enlarging on the Romanesque, his first and last love, or administering reproofs to Ruskin, of whose *Seven Lamps* he thoroughly disapproves, he is always readable, and always informative.

Half a Sovereign, by Ian Hay. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1926. *7s. 6d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Now is the time of year when the bookseller is wont to array in his window the less salable items of his stock, labeling them in bold type, 'Holiday Novels,' the assumption apparently being that any stuff is good enough to satisfy the literary requirements of the British citizen on holiday. But now and again there comes along a brand-new story which is a real 'holiday novel,' the very thing for the world whose mind is at leisure. *Half a Sovereign* is one of these happy discoveries, and its success is a triumphant certainty. It has all the qualities which make Mr. Ian Hay the favorite story-teller of the average well-bred Briton — his fresh and airy manliness, his unswerving loyalty to British standards, his quiet, rather ironical humor, and his genial appreciation of the give-and-take demanded by contemporary social sanctions. It has moreover, a good tale to tell, and an infectious zest in telling it. In short, this is a typical 'Ian Hay,' and one of the very best vintage.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Art of Being Ruled, by Wyndham Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1926. $4.00.

BASKING in the praises of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, Mr. Lewis is, we take it, almost the official philosopher of the New Day. But the reader who tackles this volume with the expectation of finding that the New Day has given birth to any new ideas will be disappointed. With the ineptitude of an Aldous Huxley bore — the character of Lypiatt in *Antic Hay* is more or less the idea — Mr. Lewis trots out a slightly varied troupe of shopworn notions on democracy, Socialism, freedom, and sex. His opening chapters trumpet the surprising news that we live in an age of revolution. Democracy has been found wanting, and apparently the only thing that can save us is a cross between Lenin realism and Coolidge idealism. Mr. Lewis believes that most people actually want to be ruled. He is, in short, a hard-boiled and daring thinker.

At bad writing Mr. Lewis has no living equal. The obscurities of his style do not suggest subtlety of thought, they proclaim literary incompetence. His failure to capitalize such words as 'English' and 'October' is a further source of irritation, but the most undergraduate thing about him is his incessant use of the phrase 'of course,' which accompanies almost every statement. As the 'essay' goes on, the author whips himself into a cold intellectual fury over the effeminacy of the twentieth century. He rings down the curtain with a final attack on the 'Abstract Man' of the eighteenth century and a call for 'intellectual' work. The ideas in this book would put our own Mr. Mencken to shame, and the skill with which they are set forth is feeble compared to that of the bad boy of Baltimore.

England, by the Very Reverend W. R. Inge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926. $3.00.

THOUGH composed of almost unadulterated moonshine, this volume has much to recommend it. Inaccurate and arbitrary to a degree, it is none the less readable, and even entertaining, except for occasional futile pages of statistics. Almost any interesting, and therefore biased, study of modern England would have its glaring faults, but in this case the faults themselves are so typical of a certain English type of mind that the whole thing is more enlightening than any amount of dull accuracy.

Dean Inge begins with a brief history of 'The Land and Its Inhabitants.' Every educated person is already familiar with the information imparted here, but before a hundred pages are up the author begins to run wild. We are regaled with essays on the Empire, Industrialism, and Democracy. Even the United States is dragged in. To Dean Inge 'the vision of all English-speaking countries under one flag, *imposing peace and freedom* [the italics are our own] on the world, is seductive enough.' On top of such madness we are treated to very frequent observations of this type: 'It is plain to-day that nothing interests the working-class politician except attacks on private property'; and, 'It may be said that there is no proof that the country is overpopulated.'

Those of us who follow the British press are aware that there has developed in England a considerable movement devoted to pronouncing throaty valedictories on that distressful nation. Dean Inge has clearly allied himself to this tear-stained group, and without wasting a moment in attempting to find any hopeful signs he gives himself over to the luxury of a good hard cry. It is hardly necessary to point out that England has been in worse positions before, and that many nations — Italy, for instance — ought to be much worse off now. The brains of the country are doing their best to convince all and sundry that England is done. Some of us, however, remain skeptical. In the same delightful 'fit of absence of mind' in which she acquired the Empire, the lady is now, with similar ingenuousness, protesting just a little too much.

Pope, by Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1926. $1.00.

STRACHEY on Pope. The result is almost exactly what one would expect — excellent writing, delicate irony, weak suggestiveness. Needless to say, the author puts Pope in a higher place than he really deserves, for Mr. Strachey would have us believe that maliciousness can be just as immortal as anything else if it is well enough done. A schoolma'amy note, unworthy of the author of *Queen Victoria*, intrudes here and there. Is it necessary in this day and age to waste breath on Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry? Here is

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another ineptitude: 'For the first time in our history, a writer who was a writer and nothing more — Shakespeare was an actor and a theatrical manager — had achieved financial independence.' Is the parenthetical phrase necessary, even in the American edition? But one picks such small flaws only to show that the best tour de force is not quite impeccable.

The Silver Spoon, by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

The Silver Spoon is so obviously a continuation of the lives of characters with whom we have become intimate in *The Forsyte Saga* that one must judge this latest chapter only in relation to that strange eventful history. The Man of Property — the man of two passions, selfish passion for his first wife, and selfless love for his only daughter — is again the outstanding figure of the book. To be sure, the plot deals with a suit for slander between his daughter, Fleur Mont, and Marjorie Ferrar, two ultramodern types exhibiting the primitive qualities of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness in a cause more trivial than the passions it evokes. The question of whether or not Fleur is a snob and a social climber seems rather unimportant to be the hinge on which the mechanism of the story turns, and discussions of English politics are less interesting in a novel than in the daily paper, but there is much to admire in the masterly presentation of Young England to-day. 'They expect too much now; there's no interest taken in being alive,' is Soames's explanation of the spirit of the time. Petty intrigues, trivial social relations, jaded nerves, and the general restlessness of the idle rich are presented with relentless truth and perfect art by Mr. Galsworthy. He paints a picture,— he never preaches a sermon, — and a very true portrayal it is, of that disillusioned stratum of society which has been fed by the Silver Spoon of privilege too long.

Harmer John, by Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

To those who are moved by a mingling of the kind of mysticism and idealism that go to make up such works as *The Servant in the House* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, this latest novel of Hugh Walpole's will make a profound appeal.

A Swedish instructor of gymnastics, Hjalmar Johanson (corrupted by his English friends into the more intelligible name that gives the book its title), comes to Polchester, already familiar to readers of *The Cathedral*, and there endeavors to expound to its small-souled citizens the gospel of what might be called, not the beauty of holiness, but the holiness of beauty. The love story of a man too good to be true, and a girl too selfish to be credible, is not the most convincing part of the book — indeed some of the less important characters are the most living. But the tale of the struggle of this simple, spiritually-minded Scandinavian against the forces of evil and pettiness which beset the cathedral town, his rise and fall in popular estimation, his triumphant sacrifice of life itself in order to win the salvation of a community, are described with the author's characteristic fervor and sincerity. Hugh Walpole displays his usual unmodern sympathy with goodness, spirituality, and idealism, without the taint of sanctimoniousness or priggishness which would vitiate the 'lesson' his novels almost invariably contain. But he is more of an artist than a preacher, and happily *Harmer John* escapes being a sermon and succeeds in being a very readable book.

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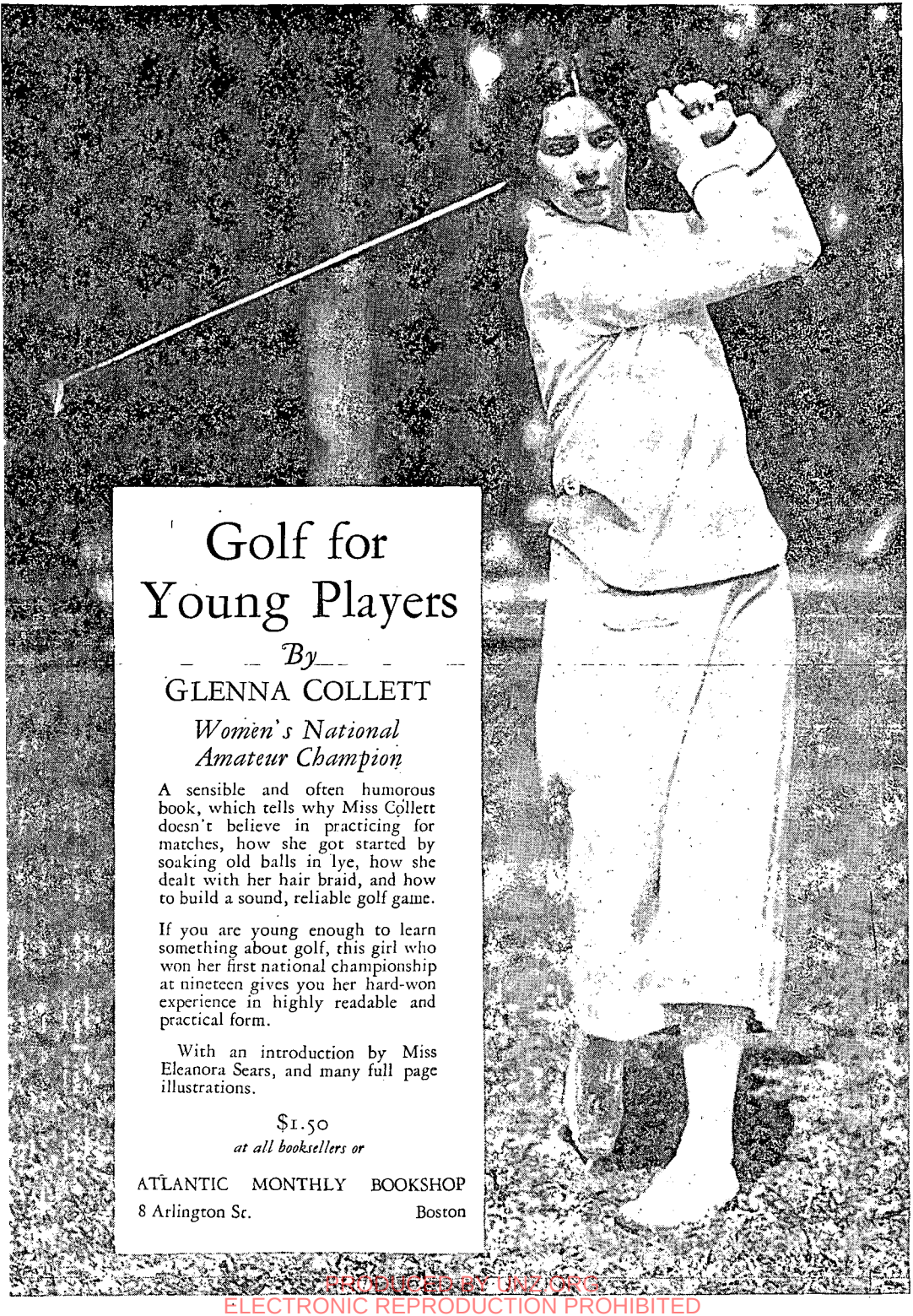

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